
I R E N E ;

O R, T H E

Fair G R E E K ,

A

T R A G E D Y .

IR E N E

OR THE

FAR GREK

A

TRAGEDY.

I R E N E ;

O R, T H E

Fair G R E E K,

A

T R A G E D Y :

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E,

By Her M A J E S T Y ' s Sworn Servants.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J O H N B A Y L E Y at the *Judge's Head*
in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleetstreet*. 1708.

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GIFT OF

MARY E. HAVEN

JULY 2, 1914.

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TO THE
Most Noble PRINCE
HENRY,
DUKE of BEAUFORT,
MARQUIS and EARL of Worcester,
EARL of Glamorgan, BARON Herbert,
AND
LORD of Chepstow, Ragland and Gower.

May it please Your GRACE,



SINCE I have ventur'd
to appear in Publick, as an
Author, I could not do it
more advantageously, than
under Your GRACE's Protection: For
whatever Faults I may have been guilty
of in the *Composition*, they will be
suffi-

The Dedication.

sufficiently aton'd for, by having Your
G R A C E ' S N A M E prefix'd to my
Fair G R E E K.

T H I S Play was the Product of some
Leisure Hours in the *University*, when
I had the Honour to be a Member of
one of the best Societies in it. And
tho' it has lain for some Years neglected
by me, on the Reviewing of it, I found
something in the Story very Entertain-
ing to my self, and that met with the
Approbation of much better Judges.
The Town has given Variety of Fathers
to this Play, and are willing to allow
any One but My self the *Author* of it.
I am not asham'd to own, how much I
have been oblig'd to the Assistance of
my

The Dedication.

my Friends : But I should scarce presume to make a Present of this Nature to Your G R A C E, that belongs to another Man.

I A M sensible, My L O R D, that *I R E N E* appear'd to the greatest Disadvantage on the Stage, strip'd of Her Ornaments of *Musick* by a Superior Order ; and in many of Her Characters suffering very much in the Action : But I do not mention this so much on my own Account, as that the Town was depriv'd of one of the more agreeable Parts of the Entertainment I design'd for it. And this naturally brings me to return my Grateful Acknowledgments to Your G R A C E, that was so
Active

The Dedication.

Active and Generous an Advocate for my *Fair G R E E K*, and to those many Friends, that so readily interested themselves in Her Cause, against those that Condemn more out of the Prejudice of Party than Judgment.

My L O R D, when I Address Your G R A C E, I have the Example of the Best of Poets, *Horace*, when he celebrates his *Mecænas*, to Compliment Your G R A C E on Your *Royal Ancestors*, and Your *High Descent* from a Long and Glorious Race of *Kings*. But I know *Panegyricks* of this kind are least acceptable to a Person so truly Noble and Illustrious as Your self: And I that have suffer'd so much by my *Plain Dealing* in
the

The Dedication.

the World, shall never attempt the Raising my self by *Flattery*, let the Subject be never so Great or Noble.

BUT I may without Offence, and with a great deal of Justice, assure Your GRACE, That by Your *Character* and *Conduct* You have gain'd the *Love* and *Admiration* of Mankind in general ; and the highest *Value* and *Esteem* of those that have the Happiness to be admitted into Your more *Intimate Friendship* and *Conversation*.

YOU live up, My LORD, to the Dignity of Your *Character*, with the true Generosity and Spirit of an *English Nobleman* : And no Man is less envy'd for what he enjoys, because there are
but

The Dedication.

but few understand how to make so good use of it. But tho' your G R A C E is most Happy in every Circumstance of Life; and tho' You appear with all the Advantages a Great Man can set forth in the World with; yet You have in nothing more Eminently distinguish'd your Self, than by your *Steady Principles*, and by strictly adhering to that Excellent *Motto* of your *Arms*, ———
Mutare vel timere sperno.

My LORD,

I am, with all Respect,

Your G R A C E's

Most Dutiful,

and Obedient Servant,

Charles Goring.

A
PROLOGUE
TO IRENE.

Spoken by Mr. POWELL.

POETS of old could INSPIRATION boast,
A useful help to Bards at present tost:
No hard-bound Author then in deep Despair,
Was forc'd to bite his Nails, or rend his Hair;
But the Gay Frenzy flash'd upon his Brain,
And Wit tho' a Disease, was void of Pain.

We have of late our Inspiration got,
In every thing but Poetry and Plot:
For of all Places in this Frantick Age,
There's none that's less infected than the Stage;
Witness our Poet's Moral Play to Night,
And numerous Brethren——Not inspir'd to Write.

The Camisars might prove of wond'rous use,
To salve our Credits, and restore the Muse:
Their Postures and Grimace, the Growth of France,
Improv'd with British Numbers, Song and Dance;
Wou'd fill our Crowded Theaters a-Nights,
And turn our Wise Reformers Proselytes.
To Marion and his Tribe 'tis no Disgrace,
To visit after Charing-Cross, This Place;
Unless our Quakers for the Good o' th' Nation,
Should get a Bill against this new Perswasion
To prevent Frauds in Foreign Inspiration.

Lord! How devoutly wou'd your Criticks sit,
With Ears erect, and silent in the Pit:
To see distorted Zealots pant and foam,
Big with the mighty Oracle to come;

The PROLOGUE.

*At last dismiss'd, with some sage Truth contented,
Great as e're Partridge, or Poor Robin vented.*

*Our Opera-Nymphs shall quit their Songs Prophane,
And tune their Notes to Philadelphian strain :*

*Tofts and her Eunuch Hymn it through the Nose,
And little Gallia twang it in the Close.*

*A Player's Credit and a Face of Paint,
May serve to furnish out a Modern Saint :*

*And if to inward Merits you inquire,
What e're they want in Zeal, they have in Fire.*

*Wou'd Pinketh and his Ass profess new Light,
We'd match the Convert Justice and the Knight :*

*Tho' we shall ne're arrive to their Extreams,
To raise the Living Dead———And walk the Thames ;*

*For our Performance you shall be the Trustees,
When they set streight the Knight, or reimburse the Justice.*

A N

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

OUR Epilogues at first were an Excuse,
To pardon Faults of unperforming Muse :
But much improv'd of late, our Modern way is,
To part in Mirth, however sad the Play is :
So strict our good Reformers here have been,
They've scar'd off Wit and Sence, but left the Sin :
Like Bawds precise that Lewdness still reprove,
Yet help you to the Naughty thing you Love.

What Horace damns, and Bosu won't admit,
As cruel Scenes oft Charms an English Pit :
Our Poet to your Palates chose to Write,
And stuck his Nymph, like an uncourteous Knight.
Without Regret you saw the Fair expire,
So hardning 'tis to gratifie Desire :
In vain we please, like Fools too tender hearted,
A well known Face and you, are easie parted.
Had but our Poet a fam'd Author read,
The gentle Fair IRENE ne're had bled :
Her Sultan, tho' inrag'd and Jealous Pated,
Had fondly got his Lovely GREEK Translated ;
And we, as all you naughty Creatures say,
Wou'd go to Heaven the pritty Modish way.
His Doctrine, tho' Condemn'd, is useful found,
If not to pay old Debts, it will Compound :
And the wise Senator has thought it meet,
To prove his first Translation from the Fleet.
But this for Play-Houte Members is not fitting,
We cannot plead the Privilege of sitting :
Tho' by our Stars and Poets so ill fated,
Too oft we want like him to be Translated.

But

The EPILOGUE.

*But in your Arms we sure Protection find,
You Sultans of the Pit are always kind :
Free from the Pangs of furious Jealousie,
'Tis we that wound, and you poor things that die.
To wicked Drury we are Fac'd about,
The pregnant Climate whence we first set out :
Hither like dying Patients we repair,
As to revive again with Native Air.
Drury renown'd for every soft Delight,
For every Joy————Except a full Third Night.
It gives us Crowns, and taught us first to Love,
Here made like QUEENS————Like frailer Nymphs we prove ;
To make the Circle of the Stage compleat,
We Play-House Meteors, where we Rise, we Set.*

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

Mahomet the Great, First Emperor of the Turks.	Mr. Powell.
Ibrahim Bassa, Grand Vizier.	Mr. Smith.
Acmet Bassa, Lieutenant of the East.	Mr. Keen.
Mustapha, Aga of the Janizaries.	Mr. Corey.
Balbanus, Captain Bassa.	Mr. Booth.
Aratus, Captive Prince of Corinth.	Mr. Mills.
Pyrrhus, Favourite to the Emperor, an Apostate, and Brother to Irene.	Mr. Husband.

Bassa's, Eunuchs, Mutes, Guards.

W O M E N.

Sultana Valide, or Queen-Mother.	Mrs. Barry.
Irene, The Fair GREEK.	Mrs. Rogers.
Zaida Her Confident.	Mrs. Porter.

A T T E N D A N T S.

SCENE, The SERAGLIO in CONSTANTINO-
PLE, about 3 Years after the Conquest.

I R E N E,

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State in the Seraglio.

Enter the Sultana and Grand Vizier.

Sult. **I** Tremble Vizier, with my jealous Fears,
And see the Precipice before my Eyes,
The dreadful Fall from Majesty and Pow'r,
Unless thy Wisdom can support my State,
And save a sinking Queen.

Viz. Madam, the Emperor's Commands are past
For banish'd *Acmet* to attend at Court,
And *Mustapha's* Release.

Sult. Then all our boasted Empire's at an end;
They'll wake the Sultan from his amorous Dreams,
His Days of Riot, and luxurious Nights, *Ant. & Cleo*
That lull Ambition, and enchant his Soul;
Tempt him with Glory, and the Love of Arms
To thirst for Blood, and set the World in Flames.

Viz. Yet to dispute, or disobey his Will,
Is Ruin, and inevitable Fate.

Sult. Not the dry Stubble, nor the Autumn Leaves,
Receive the Flames with that tumultuous Noise
And sudden Blaze, as his impetuous Soul
Inclines to Fury, and confesses Rage.

Viz. The haughty Sultan is by Nature fierce,
Not form'd for Courts, nor soft inglorious Ease;
Arms his Delight, and the gay Pomp of War
The Scene that charms his Heart.

Sult. Then tell me, Vizier, tell me, if thou know'st,
In all the Annals of preceding Times,
Since the first dawning of the Ott'man Race,

The first Foundation of our Empire laid,
A Story wondrous as my own.

oth. The Sultan's more, much more than you describe ;
His Nature rough, his Temper insolvent ;
Fierce as a Savage that infests the Plain,
Stormy as Winds when combating the Deep,
Impetuous as a Torrent rushing down

A Precipice.---- Doating on Glory, and Ambition's Slave :
Yet have I snatch'd him from the midst of War,
From Empires his victorious Sword has won ;
With Pleasure calm'd the Tempests of his Mind,
Check'd his Ambition, quench'd his Thirst of Fame,
And chas'd his darling Passions from his Heart.

Viz. Nay, when the Heats of Fonder Youths were o're,
When vers'd in the mysterious Arts of State,
And fam'd for Triumphs, then ! ----

Sult. Ay, Then, my Vizier ! Then to lure him down !
To stop the rapid Motions of his Soul !
To bind him, like a Child ; with Flow'ry Wreaths,
And charm him with a beauteous Syren's Song !

oth. *Viz.* 'Tis strange ! 'Tis wonderful !

Sult. Think then how ill my haughty Soul can bear
The Loss of Empire, and supreme Command,
Who for the Space of three revolving Years
Have reign'd with Pow'r unlimited and great,
As when old *Amurtah* my Charms obey'd,
And doated on my Youth.

Viz. Your Fears, *Sultana*, magnify the Ills,
And form our Dangers greater than they are :
For *Acmet* falls, and *Mustapha* shall bleed,
If *Alla* favours, and my Plots succeed.

Sult. Quench but my Soul's impatient Thirst with Blood,
With *Acmet's* Blood, and *Mustapha's* Disgrace,
And let Ambition, Avarice and Pride
Invent Rewards, I'll gratify them all.

Viz. Your Bounties fix me ever at your Feet.

[Enter a Mute.

Now the *Divan* attends-----

Madam do you prepare the *Sultan's* Mind,

The

The rest commit to Fate and me.

[Exit Vizier.

Sult. Distracting Thought ! to live again confin'd
To gloomy Shades, and solitary Walls,
Snatch'd from the Pomp and Grandeur of a Crown,
To live despis'd amongst Insulting Girls, *ott.*
Whose Youth and Beauty teach them Pride and Scorn,
Or to the loath'd Society condemn'd
Of Eunuchs, Mutes and Dwarfs, Shadows of Men,
And sportive Natures Jest. --- But Death's a nobler Choice.

Enter Pyrrhus.

Ozmin, thy Diligence prevents my Wish,
And well tim'd Services fore-run my Thought ;
You, gentle *Ozmin*, are the *Sultan's* Joy,
The lov'd Companion of his softer hours,
That more endear Retirement to his Soul:
Say, Does the Lovers Fondness still prevail?
Still fire his Heart, and triumph o're his Pride?

Pyr. Madam, of late he's compos'd and sad,
Subject to wilder starts of furious Rage ;
A melancholly Gloom orecasts his Brow,
And saddens all the Temper of his Mind.

Sult. Is he so chang'd of late?

Pyr. Last Night, amidst the Revels of the Bowl,
When gay with Wine, and Mirth and Pleasure reign'd,
Transported with a sudden Gust of Rage,
He stabb'd *Doreni*, Master of his Consort,
His Favourite Mute he order'd to be strangl'd,
The Chrystal Goblets on the Pavement dash'd,
And left us trembling at the horrid Scene.

Sult. Too well, I fear, my Soul divines the Cause.

Pyr. Much he resents old *Acmet's* late Disgrace,
And his Loved *Kara Mustapha's* Restraint.
When Fame and Glory first inspir'd his heart,
These were his brave Companions of the War,
Sharers in Conquest, and his Chiefs in Arms.
Oft, when relating their advent'rous Fights,
Their fam'd success, and Deeds of high Renown,
Oft I have observ'd his Visage sternly change,
His kindling Blood run flashing o're his Face,
His Eye-balls outward dart their fiery Beams,

And

And fierce Convulsions shake his manly Frame :
Till far transported with the generous Rage,
His bending Head he'd on my Breast recline,
And leave th'unfinish'd Tale to Sighs and Groans.
So far can Glory yet affect his Soul.

Sult. Perdition seize it's Charms.

This is the fatal Secret that I fear'd,
That opens dreadful Prospects to my View. —
But on, sweet *Ozmin* ; gentle Youth proceed :
How stands *Irene*, the fair Captive Greek ?

Pyr. She holds his Heart in Adamantine Chains ;
Ev'n Time, that Beauties fading Pow'r destroys,
Enlarges the Dominion o're his Soul,
And but extends her Sway.

Sult. There fix my hopes, 'tis all I ask of Fate. —
Now, *Ozmin*, with thy best Attention heed,
And weigh my Words with Care.

'Tis *Acmet's* rigid Honesty I dread,
And the *Fanizer Aga's* high Command ;
Late for their insolvent and haughty Speech,
I banish'd both, in order to their Fate :

But by the fierce Displeasure of my Son,
These Idols of the Camp are now recall'd,
To head Sedition, and affront my Power.
You, *Ozmin*, must possess the *Sultan's* Mind
With all the Grecian Artifice of Words,
With all that Wit or Malice can invent,
To blacken them, and to pervert his Love.

Pyr. Madam, I'm still the Slave your Bounty rais'd,
And pay intire Obedience to your Will.

Sult. The Vizier shall instruct you more at large
In all the Secret and destructive Arts
Of Ruin and Revenge. —

[Exit Pyrrhus.]

'Tis well. — And yet methinks I with Reluctance owe
To other hands the Pleasure of Revenge.

Why was my haughty Soul to Woman joyn'd ?
Why this soft Sex impos'd upon my Mind ?
Ambition fires me with each manly Part,
Nerves my weak Limbs, and animates my Heart ;

And

And since to Empire I am rais'd by Fate,
I'll greatly perish, or maintain my State.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

A Garden in the Seraglio.

Enter Irene in Mourning, and Zaida.

Iren. **G**O, gentle *Zaida*, leave me to my Griefs,
I wou'd indulge a while my gloomy Thoughts,
For I've a mighty Debt of Tears to pay,
A Sum immense of Woe.

Zaid. Rather throw off those melancholly Robes,
That make this sad Impression on your Mind.
Why shou'd you thus devote your hours to Grief,
In blooming Youth, and Beauties charming Prime?
And, like a tender Plant o'recharg'd with Dew,
Thus droop your lovely Head?

Iren. Have I not reason? Is there not a Cause
For sad Remorse, Horror, and black Despair?
For cou'd my Soul expire in mournful Sighs,
Or cou'd my Frame dissolve in flowing Tears,
'Twould not atone for half *Irene's* Crimes,
Nor cleanse the foul Contagion of my Guilt.

Zaid. And yet for you, this fond, this doating Prince,
Neglects the Beauties his Seraglio yields,
And widow'd leaves a Thousand blooming Brides,
To languish at your Feet.

Iren. Alas! My heart was first another's Right,
By solemn Contract, and by plighted Vows.
To Death I love, to Madness am belov'd,
And yet for ever, ever must despair,
Condemn'd to Guilt and Shame.

Zaid. Has not our Sultan ev'ry taking Grace
To charm a Woman, and engage the Fair?

Iren. Yes; he has all the tempting Eloquence,
Deluding Looks, and more persuasive Tears,

That

That find an easy Passage to our Hearts.
 Whole Hours he'll lie imploring at my Feet,
 With eager Transports fold me in his Arms;
 Then gaze, and flatter, weep, and sigh, and pray;
 Talk to the Groves, to ev'ry Flood complain,
 And tell the Stars fond Stories of his Flames.

Zaid. Not all the Legends of Romantick Love
 Can boast a Passion so sublimely Great.

Iren. Oft, when his wild Excess of fond Desire
 Hurries him on to what my Soul abhors,
 Ev'n then he trembles with submissive Fears,
 Shrinks from the fierce Relentments of my Frowns,
 And acts his Guilt with a Remorseful Joy.

Zaid. And can you hate this Great, this Glorious Man,
 That gives such wondrous Proofs of matchless Love?

Iren. Wou'd I cou'd hate him from my inmost Soul,
 Drive him from ev'ry Fibre of my Heart,
 Chase him my Bosom, blot him from my Thought!
 Oh! cou'd I loath, detest, abhor his Arms
 More than an Aipick's Twine, or Scorpion's Clasp!
 Ev'n then I shou'd not hate him as I ought;
 This Sullier of my Virgin Innocence,
 My Virtues Bane, Honour's Eternal Blot,
 And Poys'ner of my Fame.

Zaid. In pity, Madam, cease.

Iren. O monstrous Guilt! More than incestuous Crime.
 To take an Infidel within my Arms,
 My Countries Plague! My Faith's inveterate Foe!
 Horrid with Stains of all my slaughter'd Race!
 Besmear'd with both my murder'd Parents Blood!
 Pursu'd with Virgins Shrieks, and Widows Tears!
 The Curse of human Kind!

Zaid. With empty Terrors you dismay your Soul,
 Like timorous Infants starting from their Dreams,
 That shriek and tremble at the horrid Forms
 Their Fancies only rais'd.

Iren. Oh never will my raging Griefs assuage,
 Never shall Peace compose my troubled Breast!
 Go, leave me, whilst I seek some lonely Shade,

By bounteous Nature for my Sorrows made;
A Scene indulgent to *Irene's* Care,
Black as my Crimes, gloomy as my Despair;
There will I mourn, as long as Life shall last,
My horrid Guilt, and dire Transgressions past;
With Sighs and Tears implore the Pow'rs above,
To let my Life atone for my Licentious Love. [Exeunt.

Scene changes to the Grand Piazza in the Seraglio.

Enter *Acmet* *Bassa*, follow'd by *Mustapha* *Aga*.

Acmet. A Way! I like 'em not; they're Woman's Tears;
Sure thy Misfortunes have unmann'd thy Soul;
I blush to see an Ott'man General weep.

Must. With Tears 'tis Nobler to confess our Crimes,
Than brave the Injur'd, and exult in Guilt.
Can *Acmet* be so exquisitely Good,
So Generous, to forgive my Jealousie,
And the unjust Suspensions of a Friend,
So much, so long belov'd?

Acmet. I have not leisure to examine well
My Breast, nor dare I put the Question to my Heart.
My Honour thou hast wrong'd, unkindly wrong'd,
My Love suspected, and condemn'd thy Friend.
Say, *Mustapha*, say, runs the Charge not so?
Didst thou not thus accuse me to thy Soul?

Must. Unskill'd in the Delusions of a Court,
Iugloriously I fell into the Snares
The Crafty *Vizier* laid, by him deceiv'd,
I thought my Ruin dreadful from my Friend.

Acmet. Tho' from my Youth I have been bred in War,
Arms my Delight, and Honour my Pursuit,
Let Shame and Infamy be my Reward,
Whenever *Acmet* entertains a Thought
Base and ungenerous of the Man he loves.
Henceforth remember, whilst I have a Sword,
A Heart to love, and Hand to execute,
They're all devoted to my Prince and Friend.

Must.

Must. And wou'd our Prince command thy faithful Sword
Where Honour and our injur'd Country calls,
We need not fine for Cowards, nor with Sums
Immenſe, purchaſe diſhoneſt and inglorious Peace.

Acm. Nay, if thou haſt our common Fate in view,
Our waining Crescents, and neglected Throne
Open the flowing Torrents of thy Eyes,
And let inceſſant Floods run guſhing down :
For when a Soldier only dares complain,
With Honour he may uſe the Female Arms,
Of empty Sighs and Tears.

Must. We have a Prince, a Glorious Godlike Prince,
Great as the Heroes moſt renown'd of Old ;
Commanding Conqueſt, form'd for mighty War ;
The Boaſt of Arms, and Bounty of the Gods :
But Pleaſures charm him, ſoft enchanting Joys
Betray his Vertue, captivate his Soul,
And break the Promise of his Glorious Reign.

Acm. When *Mahomet's* auspicious Sway began,
The Rowzing Genius of our Empire wak'd
From a long Lethargy of deadly Sleep,
And ſtretching forth his Limbs as wanting Room,
Shot outward our Dominions o're the Globe ;
Wide as the Starry Poles of Heav'n Extent,
He ſpread his Conqueſts o're the vanquiſh'd Earth ;
His early Youth the Sacred Purple won,
And doubly dy'd it with *Ceſarian* Blood ;
His Triumphs with Immortal Glories ſhine,
Entailing Empire on the Ott'man Line.

Must. The Eaſtern World, like a conſenting Maid,
Came warm and panting to his fond Embrace ;
The fierce *Caffanes* fled before his Arms ;
Thrice from their Plains he drove the Perſian Hoſts,
Made *Iſhmael* tremble in his *Iſpahan*,
And half *Euphrates* own him for its Lord.

Acm. But now as faſt the Provinces revolt,
And ſpurn the gauling Yoke of Servitude,
When none dare goad them on.

The Fair Greek.

9

Must. Our sinking Empire now as swift declines,
As Bodies languish by a fierce Disease;
Backward the Vital Spirits till retire,
And fly tumultuous to the Seats of Life,
Whilst stiff'ning Colds seize the deserted Limbs,
And close up every Pass.

Acm. And yet, my Friend,
So much I love this Great, this wondrous Man,
That never Roman for his Country fell
With such a longing Appetite for Death,
As I to clear his Honour with my Blood;
Again to make his fading Glories shine,
Or nobly perish in the brave Design.

Must. But inaccessible to all he lives;
Fidlers, Buffoons, and wanton beardless Boys,
The lov'd Companions of his Midnight Joys; *ant.*
To Myrtle Shades he dedicates the Day,
And Wine and Revels pass the Nights away :
Or at *Irene's* Feet the Monarch lies,
With Tears complains, implores with tender Sighs,
And gazing drinks the Poyson from her Eyes. }

Acm. In the full Vigour of his Manly Age,
Dead to the World, regardless of a Crown! *ant.*
To Empire lost, and Prodigal of Fame! —
Three Nights, the Poets say, Almighty *Jove*,
Indulg'd the Pleasures of licentious Love;
For Beauty left the Heav'ns Imperial Throne,
And laid the Sacred Weight of Empire down :
But soon the God did his rash Choice repent,
And grudg'd so great a space ignobly spent ;
His Three long Nights contracted into one,
And hid his Weakness from the Rising Sun.

Exeunt.

The End of the first Act.

ACT II.

Scene, A Myrtle Grove in the Gardens of the Seraglio, adorn'd with Statues and Fountains; The Emperour in a Rich Pavilion lying on a Couch, effeminately dress'd after the Grecian Manner, under a Canopy of State. Eunuchs, Mutes and Guards. A Song and Turkish Dance. Which ended, the Emperour rises, and advances towards the Front.

The Song.

*Ye sighing Winds that fill the Air,
Far hence the mournful Accents bear;
Your Murmurs, gentle Floods, restrain;
Nor let the Turtle here complain.
These happy Shades no Sorrows know,
Where melting Joys, and softer Pleasures flow.*

2.

*Here let wanton Zephires play,
To fan the sultry Heats of Day;
In bubbling Streams the Fountains spring,
And Birds in pleasing Consorts sing;
Where all the smiling Loves resort,
Where Beauty reigns, and Venus keeps her Court.*

Emp. Not the fond Bridegroom on his Wedding-night,
Eager with Love, with Expectation fix'd,
And languishing for the approaching Joy,
Feels half the Transports, half the fierce Desires,
As now inflame and scorch my longing Soul:
And yet the fair Ingrate makes no Returns,
Insensible of all my tender Pains,
Deaf to my Vows, and cold to my Embrace.

[Enter an Eunuch.

Enter Irene.

Why, my *Irene*, why these Sable Weeds?
Is this a Habit proper for our Loves?
To meet my Passion, and receive my Flame?
Say, lovely Tyrant of my injur'd Heart,

Tell

Tell me, thou charming, but too cruel Fair,
Is this sad Garb the Signal of my Fate?
And must I perish by thy fix'd Disdain?

Iren. Alas, my Lord! will you encrease the Woes
That sink me down, and weigh me to the Earth?
Ah! rather leave me to consume with Tears,
Forgotten let the poor *Irene* dye,
For ever blotted from your Royal Heart,
Rather than give your Breast a Moments Care.

Emp. Leave thee! Forget thee! Blot thee from my Heart!
Erase the dear Impression of thy Charms!
Thou lovely Idol of my ravish'd Soul,
Sooner thou'lt see me breathless, pale, and dead,
Intomb'd in the cold Bosom of the Earth,
Yet warmer far than my *Irene's* Breast.

Iren. Live you, my Lord, for many happy Years,
And from a Thousand willing Beauties chuse
Some fairer Object, worthy of your Love,
Whilst I pursue the mournful Tracks of Fate,
Death's cold Embraces, and the peaceful Grave.

Emp. Yes, thou ungrateful, thou remorseless fair,
Thy Scorn will finish what thy Eyes began,
And drive this hated Object to his Tomb.
Then thou wilt smile, then wipe thy Tears away,
And boast the Triumph of thy fierce Disdain
To some more happy, more deserving Man.

Iren. Does cold Disdain become my Captive State?
A Slave like me's divested of her Pride.

Emp. See, proud Triumpher o're my slighted Heart,
Behold a suppliant Monarch at your Feet!
Have you not Kingdoms, Empires at Command?
Are not the East and Western Worlds your own,
And all the Treasures of the ransack'd Globe?
And in return I only ask thy Love,
Irene's Love, that far transcends them all.

Iren. What has distress'd *Irene* more to give?
My sully'd Beauties are my only Store;
O're them you have a Victor's pow'ful right,
Slaves to your Pleasures, Subject to your Will.

Emp. Is all to Conquest, nothing due to Love?
Still cold, insensible of all my Pains!

But why this sad, this melancholly Garb?
What new unpractis'd Method hast thou found
To raise my Torments, and distract my Soul?

Iren. This annual Debt I to my Country owe,
My murder'd Parents, and extinguish'd Race.
This fatal Day the Grecian Empire fell;
The Soldiers Fury, and destructive Sword,
Sent both my slaughter'd Parents to the Grave:
But me with Savage Cruelty they spar'd,
Spar'd to survive my wretched Country's Fate,
A mourning Orphan, and unhappy Slave.

Emp. Then 'tis the Day that gave *Irene* to me,
Dearer than Empire of more Worth than all
My Conquests gain'd beside ———

Yet I cou'd mourn the fatal Victory,
Whose sad Remembrance wounds thy tender Heart;
Nay, curse the Sword that undistinguish'd shed
One Drop of Blood of dear *Irene's* Race.

Iren. Leave me, my Lord, abandon'd to my Grievs;
Permit me to indulge my mournful Thoughts,
And pay the silent Tribute of my Tears.

Emp. Deny'd to love, I will thy Sorrows share;
If thou wilt grieve, thou shalt lament in State,
And have the World the Consort of thy Woes.
An universal Mourning I'll decree;
With Sables shall the gloomy Streets be hung;
The Voice of Harmony shall not be heard,
And the loud Instruments of War be mute;
Traffick shall cease, Labour be at an End,
And Sighs and Groans supply the Use of Speech,
To grace thy Tears and solemnize thy Woe.

Iren. Why do you prove so exquisitely good
To an ungrateful, and a Bankrupt Wretch,
Unworthy this Profusion of your Love?

Emp. O thou lov'd Tyrant of my doating Heart!
Whole Eyes, like Lightning, pierce my inmost Soul,
And scatter Flames thro' ev'ry glowing Vein.

Come,

Come, come, retire where Youth and Beauty call,
Where Shades invite, and murm'ring Waters fall;
Where Myrtle Bowers a grateful Covering spread,
And mingling Sweets compose thy fragrant Bed:
There let me fold thee in my eager Arms,
Riot in Beauty, and expire with Charms;
With fondest Vows thy mournful Thoughts remove,
And heal thy Grief with balmy Sweets of Love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE. II.

Enter Pyrrhus.

Pyr. **H**OW am I chang'd since first my guilty Soul
Consented to this horrid Act of Blood!
My pensive Days, and Terrors of the Night
That haunt my Slumbers, and distract my Dreams,
Give me a dreadful Taste of what's to come. —
Farewel to Rest, adieu my Peace of Mind,
Thou noblest Treasure that the World contains,
For ever lost to me.

Enter Aratus.

Arat. *Pyrrhus*, of late thou dost avoid my Paths,
And shunn'st the Conversation of thy Friend.
I wou'd not do that Violence to Love,
As to suspect my *Pyrrhus* alter'd Breast;
I rather hope thou envy'st me a Share
Of Fame and Glory in our great Revenge.

Pyr. All is not well within.
My flagging Soul scarce animates my Frame,
And a perpetual Gloom dejects my Mind.
If I avoid thee, 'tis in Kindness done,
Lest my infectious Sorrows reach thy Heart,
And wound thy generous Breast.

Arat. Shake off this Fit of melancholly Thought;
Revenge, my *Pyrrhus* is a glorious Sound:
To swell thy Veins, and glad thy drooping Heart,
Amidst the Revels of the *Byram* Feast,
Great *Mahomet* shall bleed, the Tyrant falls.

A Sacrifice to all our murder'd Race,
To injur'd Honour, and *Irene's* Fame.

Pyr. And yet this Tyrant, Cruel as he is,
With generous Pity has unloos'd my Chains,
Freed me from Servitude, Disgrace and Want,
And plac'd me in his Bosom next his Heart.

Arat. Ha! Does my Sense convey the Sound aright;
Or do my Fears elude and mock my Soul?
I'd sooner think my Faculties betray'd,
Than rashly entertain a Thought of thee
So despicably base.

Pyr. And yet Ingratitude's a baser Crime,
And what my Soul abhors.

Arat. Eternal Shame of great *Justinian's* Race,
So soon hast thou forgot his Savage Pride,
His horrid Triumphs, and his Feasts of Blood!
When at each Health an hundred Noble Greeks
Of high Descent fell Victims to his Rage!
And tho' their Veins flow'd with Illustrious Blood,
Like Slaves they suffer'd Ignominious Fates.

Pyr. I prithee spare my Griefs the dismal Tale.

Arat. No; since the Space of three revolving Years
Has blotted the Memorial from thy Breast
Of lost *Constantinople's* bloody Scenes,
Our ruin'd Empire, and our Princes Fate;
I'll add to these thy Noble Father's Blood,
Thy Mothers Murder, and *Irene's* Shame.

Pyr. Think not my Soul's insensible of Wrong:
But why, like Villains, at the Midnight hour
Must we embrew our hands in Royal Blood?
To take him unprepar'd with all his Sins,
And with a Stab to drive him headlong down
To Hell's Abyss, and Everlasting Woes?
My thiv'ring Blood runs backward in my Veins,
Recoyling at the Thoughts of such a Crime.

Arat. By Heav'n I'd stab him in the very Act,
Murder him glowing with *Irene's* Love;
In the full Rage of his Tumultuous Joys,
I'd stab th' Imperial Tarquin in her Arms;

With

With Pleasure view the Anguish of his Soul,
And chase him downward to the lowest Hell.

Pyr. Hear me, *Aratus*, and with Temper hear :
Let Honour judge, and Virtue plead my Cause.

Arat. Blush, *Ozmin*, blush at mentioning their Names ;
Thou vile Renouncer of thy Christian Faith,
To Heav'n Apostate, Traytor to thy Prince,
False to thy Vows, thy Country and thy Friend.

Pyr. Yet calm thy Passions, and consent to hear.

Arat. Revenge, like mine, disdains thy feeble Arm,
Against this proud Usurper of my Bed.
Hence, from this Moment I disclaim thy Love,
Banish'd my Breast, and painful to my Sight ;
My Sword shall do my injur'd Honour Right. [*Exit Arat.*

Pyr. 'Tis true, I am that false abandon'd Wretch,
To Honour, Friendship and Religion lost ;
Tempted with hopes of my aspiring Love,
I Heav'n renounc'd abjur'd the Pow'rs above.
Now by my hand shall Royal Blood be spilt ?
Shall I add Murder to my monstrous Guilt ?
Rather with Tears I'll angry Heav'n attone,
Forgive his Crimes, and deprecate my own.

SCENE - III. *A Room of State.*

Enter Emperour and Sultana.

Sult. Oppress'd with Bus'ness, and the Toils of State
Unable to sustain an Empire's weight,
Let, *Mahomet*, your Mother's Tears prevail,
Let me at length the sacred Charge resign,
Some respite give to my declining Years,
And ease me of the Burden of your Cares.

Emp. Madam, I thought the Grandeur of a Throne
Had lasting Beauties to engage your Heart :
Pow'r and Dominion from your early Youth
Have been the darling Idols of your Soul :
But if they're irksome grown ———
Are there not Millions of officious Slaves

To ease your Labours, and relieve your Cares?
If wanting in their Duty or Respect,
You know the Bowstring's Use.

Sult. They better know how to affront my Power,
And to insult me with audacious Speech.

Emp. Affront your Power!
The Honour of a King is now concern'd,
My Dignity's at Stake. ———
But say, what Wretch so prodigal of Life,
Unmindful of the Pale, and torturing Gaunch,
Durst use that fatal Impudence of Speech,
Or in your Character affront my own?

Sult. Imperious *Acmet*, and proud *Mustapha*,
Who with licentious and unbridl'd Tongues
Censure my Conduct, and reproach your own.

Emp. *Acmet*, the kind Instructor of my Youth,
That taught me first the Noble Use of Arms!
And *Mustapha*, the Darling of my Heart,
My Friend in Peace, Companion of the War!
They'd sooner bathe a Dagger in their Breasts,
Than cast a Blemish on their *sultan's* Fame.

Sult. Yet both inveigh'd against the *Persian* League,
In full *Divan*, and tax'd your Government
In most seditious and reproachful Words.

Emp. War's their Profession, 'tis a Soldier's Trade;
Of Peace impatient, and promoting Arms;
Unknowing Eloquence, and soft Addrets,
Their Words might sound harsh in a Lady's Ear
'Twas only Want of Courtship, not Respect.

Sult. If you their Advocate defend their Crimes,
Let injur'd Majesty still suffer on,
And bear the Insults of presumptive Slaves;
Let Treason prosper, let Sedition thrive,
Till Tumult thunders at the Palace Gates,
And your lov'd *Bassa's* lead the Rebels on.

Emp. I know their Honour, and experienced Faith,
Not Racks, not Wheels, nor Tortures, cou'd extort
An unkind Murmur from their generous Breasts,
So well my faithful Soldiers love their Lord.

Sult. Deluded Prince! blind to approaching Fate,
Behold your Error, nor repent too late:
In your own Bosom are the Vipers found;
Embrac'd, they poyson; and whilst cherish'd, wound.

Emp. In Crowns and Scepters is there not enough,
Enough in my Dominions vast extent
To glut your Pride, Ambition and Revenge:
But you must sacrifice the Men I love?
Whoe're attempts to do them Violence,
Had better from a raging Tyger's Breast
Unarm'd to force away her tender Young.
Farther 'tis dangerous to tempt my Rage.
Tho' to your Hands my Empire I resign,
My Mistress and my Friend shall still be mine.

[Exit.

Sult. I combat Winds, and struggle with a Storm,
Whose wild impetuous Fury drives me back,
And hurries me still distant from the Shoar:
Yet, haughty Prince, I will have my Revenge;
And, since Ambition has their Dooms decreed,
They both must perish, or your self shall bleed.

[Exit.

Scene IV.

Enter Acmet and Mustapha Aga.

Acmet. Here let me breathe, or I shall burst with Rag
Burst with the fierce Resentments of my Soul.
Oh for the temperate Cowards meek excuse!
That Christian Virtue, Womans last Redress,
For Patience, to assuage my swelling Heart!

Must. I saw the sordid Vizier's Insolence,
His slight Regards, and most affrontive Looks;
He that had never Courage in the Field
To face his Foe, or stand a Soldiers Charge,
Elate with Pow'r protected by his Post,
Assum'd the empty Terror of a Frown,
As he cou'd scare our Souls.

Acmet. And yet he trembl'd like a frightened Girl,
Shook with his Fears, and sunk beneath his Guilt:

So great an Awe Superior Virtue strikes
Upon an abject Mind.

Must. And he but the *Sultana's* Instrument,
Whose wild Ambition, and aspiring Pride,
Has drove us to Destructions utmost Verge,
And will pursue us to the Grave.

Acm. I know her haughty fierce *Circassian* Soul,
Unknowing Mercy doating on Revenge,
With a voluptuous Appetite to Blood. —
Hah! —

Enter Balbanus Bassa.

Renown'd *Balbanus*, welcome to the Port.

Must. Illustrious *Bassa*, welcome to my Arms!

[*As going to embrace him.*

Bal. *Acmet* forbear, and *Mustapha* stand off;
Survey me at a distance with your Eyes,
Then tell me by the Love you bear to Arms,
To flighted Virtue, and to Honours Name,
What is the loath'd Infection in my Face,
That as I pass'd, the frighted *Bassa's* fled,
And shun'd me as the Plague.

Acm. Why thou'rt a Soldier, that's Offence enough;
Odiously honest, criminally brave.

A Warrior is a Monster to the Court;
They're clapt like Lyons up to roar in Dens,
Expos'd to Scorn, Derision and Contempt,
The Sport and Mirth of the prophaner Crowd.

Must. Shake off the awful Terror of thy Brow,
And hurl thy generous Weapon from thy Thigh;
Get thee a gay embroider'd Persian Vest,
Rail at the Camp, the Discipline of War,
Oppress the Needy, Idolize the Great;
And then, *Balbanus*, you may rise to be —

Bal. The worthless despicable Whretch I hate.
First in my batter'd Armour let me rot,
Rot in a Soldiers honourable Rags,
Without a Blemish on *Balbanus* Name,
Sooner than purchase by dishonest Arts
An Empire greater than the World contains.

Acm.

Acem. Back, gen'rous Friend, to thy Important Charge,
Go reign in Camps and sway the dusty Plains;
Thy Virtues with reproachful Lustre shine;
Honour and Merit here may give disgust,
You bring offensive Qualities to Court.

Bal. Think'st thou my Bus'ness is to complement?
With Wrongs I come, expostulating Wrongs,
With Injuries that prompt and urge my Tongue.
To utter honest, but provoking Truth.

Acem. Nay then, *Balbanus*, Patience be thy Guide,
And may thy Virtue fortify thy Soul.
Address the Winds, implore the Stormy Deep,
But sue not to inexorable Power,
Unmov'd as Fate, obdurate as the Grave.

Bal. I sue to *Acmet*, General of our Arms,
The great Lieutenant of the East and West,
Our *Sultan's* second self, and once my Friend;

Acem. Thou giv'st me sounding Honours, pompous Names,
All empty Titles, and devoid of Pow'r.
Now by the Glories of our Ott'man Race,
There's not a Page or Eunuch in the Court
But can command much more than *Acmet* dares;
All I can boast, I'm still *Balbanus* Friend.

Bal. Then *Italy's* delightful Plains adieu,
Of Conquests purchas'd with our Noble Blood,
Otrantis feeble Walls alone remain,
And that last Stake of Fortune might be sav'd.

Acem. It might, my brave Epirot: But, alas!----

Bal. Why these repeated Sighs, and sad alas?
Where's our Victorious *Sultan's* great Designs
Of Universal Empire o're the Globe,
Of forcing *Rome's* Imperial Capitol,
Again to dictate Laws to Human kind?

Must. Those glorious Thoughts, my Friend, are now no more;
The Tyrant Love disarms our Heroe's Soul,
And empties his whole Quivers in his Heart;
Deluding Pleasures, soft insinaring Joys.
Compel Ambition from his generous Breast,
And Beauty triumphs o're neglected Fame.

Act. And shall this Great, this Godlike Prince be lost,
 Ignobly lost, His Honour thus betray'd?
 Now by the *Alchorans* amazing Truths,
 And by my Sword, Avenger of my Wrongs, [*Draws his Sword*]
 Which thus I kiss, to bind the solemn Vow,
 Never shall fear of Death, nor fix'd Disgrace,
 Nor Loss of Honour, Fortunes or Command,
 Deter me from all honourable ways
 To wean him from the fair Deluders Arms,
 To wipe the Stain from his Immortal Fame;
 And raise again the Terror of his Name.

Must. Thus with a Kiss I ratify the Oath.

Bal. Thus glad *Balbanus* prints it on the Blade.

Act. Yet cautiously, my Friends, with wary Steps;
 Upon Destruction's narrow brink we tread,
 Upon a Precipice's steepy Ridge,
 Where one false Step's inevitable Fate.

Must. Though Death and Ruin glar'd me in the Face,
 I wou'd confront the Horrors of the Grave,
 Once more to throw me at his Royal Feet,
 With Glory's Charms his Bosom to inspire,
 And quench his Passion with a nobler Fire.

Bal. Come then, my Friends, instruct me as we pass,
 In all the fatal and amazing Change,
 That has divorc'd our *Sultan* from the World,
 And thus involv'd his sinking Empires Weight
 In an Abyss of Woe.

Act. With Wonder first his Actions we'll relate,
 And all the Triumphs that confess him great;
 How Fortune smil'd, how Fame with lavish Praise,
 And Glory deck'd him with her brightest Rays:
 In sadder Accents then lamenting tell
 How Love has vanquish'd, and the Victor sell.

Exeunt.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

A C T III.

Scene the Emperors Apartments.

Enter Emperor, Pyrrhus, Guards, Eunuchs.

Emp. Let the *Italian* Band of Musick wait
To an *Eunuch* entring.

Within the Myrtle Grove — A Gloom like Death
Sits heavy on my Soul. —

My Spirits jar, and Discord fills my Breast ;
I'll try the wondrous Pow'r of Harmony
To raise my drooping Thought.

Pyr. Inly I mourn to see my *Sultan* grieve,
And sink beneath his Cares.

Emp. *Ozmin*, to thee I will reveal my Heart :
This Morning at the early Dawn of Light
I dreamt the lov'd *Irene* by me lay
Stabb'd to the Heart, and weltring in her Blood.
Wak'd with the Horror of the dreadful Dream
Astonish'd I sprung upward from my Bed,
And found I grasp'd a Dagger in my hand,
Impurpil'd with her Gore.

Enrag'd I hurl'd the Weapon swift away ;
But whether Chance alone, or conscious Fate
Directed to the place the destin'd point,
It pierc'd *Irene's* Picture through the Breast ;

Pyr. Meer Accident ! the blind Effects of Chance.

Emp. Yet I dislike the Omen of my Dream.

Pyr. Dreams are but wanton Salleys of the Mind,
The Fancies sport, and Revels of the Soul.

Emp. But cou'd a Dream pollute the burnish'd Steel,
Or give the deep Vermillion to the Blade ?

Pyr. No, my dread Lord : It was *Doreni's* Blood
That perish'd by your hand.

Emp. *Doreni* slain ! What murder'd by my hands !
In frantick Passion, and Excess of Wine !
Detested Wine !

Well

Well has our Prophet curs'd thee by his Law,
Whose soft Allurements, and resistless Force
Divest a Man of Reason's nobler Sway;
Strip him of Honour, Virtue, Sense and Shame,
Defenceless leave him to each raging Vice,
Parent of Guilt, and Source of ev'ry Crime.

Pyr. The faithful Eunuch with his dying Breath
Mourn'd your Displeasure more than Loss of Life.

Emp. Are these the boasted Triumphs of my Arms?
Is all my Glory come to Midnight Brawls?
To butcher Eunuchs, stab my faithful Slaves?
By Heav'n I shall turn common Murderer;
In the wild Frenzy of my next Debatech,
I shall assault the tender Female Herd,
Chase ev'ry trembling Beauty with my Sword,
And plunge my Dagger in their panting Breasts.
Blush, *Mahomet*; thou Royal Monster, blush;
For Brutes are gentle, Savages are kind,
Compar'd to thy inhuman Thirst of Blood
Thou Curse of Empire, Bane of human kind. [*Enter a Mute.*

Pyr. The banish'd Generals wait by your Command,
And beg to pay their Duty at your Feet. [*Exit Pyrrhus.*

Emp. 'Tis well ———

These are the Men of the whole World I love,
And yet the Men whose Virtues most I dread.
But why these Terrors? Whence this servile Awe?
When Fame and Honour were my faithful Guards,
The Soul of *Mahomet* disdain'd to fear;
But Luxury and Vice debase a Prince,
And sink the Monarch down beneath his Slaves.

Enter Acmet and Mustapha Aga, Pyrrhus.

Acmet. Once more do I behold my Sultan's Face!
Am I again admitted to his Presence!
To cast me prostrate at his Royal Feet,
And there expire with the transporting Joy!

Emp. Acmet, thou kind Director of my Youth,
In War my Guide, my Councillor in Peace,
Thy rigid Virtue, and experienc'd Love,
For ever fix thee in thy Master's Heart. ———

Why,

Why, *Mustapha*, this awful Distance kept? [To the Aga.

Why dost thou thus survey me with thy Eyes,
As if transform'd from what I was before,
Thou standst astonish'd at the wondrous Change?

Must. With such Devotion, such an holy Awe,
As we approach our *Meccha's* blessed Shrine,
Such to my sacred Emperour I pay;
Nor dare I trust me with a nearer View,
Lest in the eager Raptures of my Joy
I shou'd forget the Duty of a Slave,
And with presumptuous Fondness claim my Friend.

Emp. O *Mustapha*! Thy kindness wounds my Soul:
But see how wretched is a Monarch's State,
Excluded from the tenderest Scenes of Life!
Debarr'd the Joys that sacred Friendship yields!
So far is Freedom from a Throne remov'd,
I love restrain'd with Terror am belov'd!

Must. When thronging Nations did your Triumphs wait,
And the whole Pomp of War adorn'd your State,
Your wondring Subjects worship'd as you rode,
Their Prince ador'd like a descending God;
Loud Acclamations fill'd the Vaulted Skies,
They blest'd you with their Lips, devour'd you with their Eyes.

Acem. 'Tis this employs the Hundred Mouths of Fame,
To boast your Triumphs, and diffuse your Name;
Your Youth has *Alexander's* Acts outdone,
More Battles fought, and nobler Conquests won.
Wou'd *Mahomet* his Victories pursue,
And let th'astonish'd World his Virtues view,
Your matchless Valour wou'd Precedence claim,
And *Cæsar's* then be but the second Name.

Emp. The Globe, my *Aga*, is not worth our Care;
Glory and Fame but empty Blasts of Air;
The treacherous Guides I did too long pursue;
But undeceiv'd, now bid the World adieu.
Let Scepter'd Slaves court faithless Power in vain;
Let Madmen fight, and blind Ambition reign;
For nobler Joys an Empire I resign,
And find in peaceful Shades a Pleasure more Divine.

Must.

Must. Farewell to the lov'd Glories of the Field;
Conquest and Lawrels now to Pleasures yield;
Wars mighty Triumphs I no more pursue,
Blasted are all its Charms, depriv'd of you.

Acm. In lonely Desarts, some abandon'd Place,
I'll waste the poor Remainder of my Days;
There will I mourn as long as Life shall last
With fond Remembrance of your Triumphs past;
Think o're the Glorious Acts your Youth has done
Whilst you retire from Fame and Conquest shun;
Disdain the Scepters that you might possess,
And slight the Empire of the Universe.

Emp. Rather with me to pleasing Shades retire,
And quench Ambitions with a nobler Fire:
Since empty Fame no solid Bliss can give,
From me, my Soldiers, learn the Art to live;
To sparkling Bowls we'll brighter Beauty joyn,
And Love inspire with Mirth and sprightly Wine,
Our smiling Days shall pass in fond Delight,
And melting Joys endear our Genial Nights;
With Friendship blest'd, and Beauty ever kind,
Like me you'll scorn the World you leave behind. [*Exeunt omnes*]

SCENE II.

A private Walk in the Garden.

Enter Aratus and Irene as meeting.

Arat. **I** Own my mighty Sufferings now o'repay'd,
This condescending Goodness to my Vows
Has more than ballanc'd all my former Wrongs;
Ev'n my Revenge at sight of thee grows hush'd,
My Chains sit easy, and my Bondage light.

Iren. Tho' you, *Aratus*, are the Man on Earth
That I with guilty Blushes ought to shun,
And fly the Presence of a Prince I've wrong'd;
Yet see the Pow'r y'have o're my easy Heart,
Tho' Death attends the fatal Interview,

I pay Obedience to the hard Command,
Because enjoin'd by you.

Arat. Not the dear Moment I beheld thee first,
When my fond Soul stood hovering at my Eyes,
And ev'ry Passage of my yielding Heart
Expanded wide to take the Charmer in,
Gave thee that Empire, that unbounded Sway,
Nor scatter'd half the Flames around my Breast,
As I this Moment feel.

Iren. May you be happy with some beauteous Bride,
Whose Innocence is worthy of your Vows;
Whilst I, excluded the chaste Name of Wife,
Seek some far distant Shelter from my Guilt,
A Refuge to protect me from my Shame,
In long Oblivion lost.

Arat. No; Thy Heart's free, thy Breast still innocent,
As Crystal Streams, unsully'd by the Blast
Of ruffling Winds, and the loud Tempests rage.
I know the Tyrant has a Brutal Soul,
He us'd thee as a Captive of the Sword,
Compell'd thee trembling to his lustful Arms,
Involv'd in helpless Guilt.

Iren. Yes, the stern Victor forc'd me to his Bed;
By the dishevel'd Hair he dragg'd me on,
And made his Dagger glitter in my Eyes,
Uplifted oft, and pointed to my Breast;
Loud and destructive as a Storm he rag'd,
Till dead with Fears, and fainting on the Floor,
In that short Interval of Life and Death,
He robb'd me of the only Treasure left,
My Honour and my Fame.

Arat. For which I'll bathe this fatal Dagger deep
In the curs'd Tyrant's Heart.
Thy Injuries impatient call for Blood,
And the fix'd Hour of Vengeance is at hand,
That cancels all our Wrongs.

Iren. 'Tis Heav'n alone can punish Princes Crimes,
To Heav'n commit your Cause.

Arat. Has he not held me in inglorious Chains?
Has he not laid my Ruin'd Country waste,
My Bed dishonour'd, and usurp'd my Crown?
No; my firm Soul's resolv'd, unmov'd as Fate;
Nor to regain the Throne of *Constantine*
Wou'd I forego the Prospect of Revenge,
The pleasing hopes of Blood.

Iren. A base Revenge *Aratus* will not take,
Nor act beneath the noble Character
A *Grecian* Worthy bears.

Arat. *Irene*, do not awake a jealous Thought,
Nor give such just Suspicion to my Fears,
Lest I impute thy Tenderness to Love,
Love of a Tyrant that has wrong'd thee most,
That most my Soul abhors.

Iren. No; cou'd my Heart consent to such a Crime,
I need not groan beneath the Load of Life,
Nor thus consume my Days in Sighs and Tears,
To expiate my Guilt.

Arat. Then quit the Tyrant, and forsake his Bed,
Return the lov'd Companion of my Flight,
And *Corinth* shall receive thee for her Queen,
Belov'd without a Crime.

Iren. Alas, *Aratus*! We must never meet;
Mountains of Crimes, of horrid monstrous Crimes,
Eternal Bars of Infamy, are thrown
Betwixt our hopeless Loves.

Arat. Does not a Husband, thy much injur'd Lord,
With fond Indulgence pardon all that's past?
With longing Arms receive thee to his Breast,
Invite the lovely Partner of his Bed,
By solemn Vows his Wife?

Iren. No; Cou'd I come a Virgin to thy Arms,
With Innocence and Virtue for my Dower,
I'd meet thy Passion with an equal Flame:
But I'll not wed thee to my Infamy,
Nor fix the Blemish on *Aratus* Name
Of a Polluted Bride.

The Fair Greek.

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Arat. 'Tis all Evasion, and thy Sex's Guile:
But I'am a Husband, made the Stale of Love,
Design'd for Injuries, and form'd for Wrongs.
Yes, thou Prefidious! Thou would'st have me go,
But far from thee, and thy Adult'rous Flame,
No more to interrupt your looser Hours,
Nor check the Joys of thy Licentious Bed.

Iren. Yes, thy Reproaches I'll with Patience bear,
But never add to my Transgressions past;
Nor more increase the Horror of my Guilt;
But far as Earth's extreamest Verge I'll fly,
To waste my Days in Penitence and Tears,
And put a lasting Period to my Woes.

Arat. Yet e'er thou go'st, thou shalt my Vengeance see,
See thy lov'd *Sultan* from his Glory fall'n,
Stretch'd on the Earth, and grov'ling in the Dust;
Perhaps your tender Fondness may rebate;
And when you view the Justice of my Sword,
Irene then may own her Rightful Lord.

[Exit.

Irene sola.

Thus I'm not only wretched to my self,
But fatal where I'm most belov'd.
To my own Griefs, I have my Sex's Curse;
For doubly wretched is a Woman's State,
By Love betray'd, defenceless in her Hate;
Her Empire's lost, whose easie Heart is won;
If Coy, she's slighted; and when kind, undone.

[Exit.

I R E N E; Or,

*Scene the Sultana's Apartment.**Enter the Sultana and Grand Vizier.**She speaks as Entering.*

WH Y dost thou labour to convince my Fears?
 Can'st thou persuade the sinking Mariner,
 That sees his Vessel foundring in the Deep,
 He has no cause to fear?
 I tell thee, *Vizier*, my presaging Soul
 Finds but too just a Cause.

Viz. Yet hear me, Madam, and my Reasons hear.

Sult. Talk to the Seas, and reason down the Wind.
 Has he not seen both our inveterate Foes?
 With open Arms receiv'd the Men I hate?
 And is not fierce *Balbanus* just arriv'd,
 By Fortune's Spite, and Malice of our Stars,
 To fill the *Sultan's* Ears with loud Complaints?
 To charge with heavy Grievances the State,
 And urge our Ruin on?

Viz. I see the Storm hang low'ring o'er our Heads,
 Which now my Soul is lab'ring to divert;
 For if it fall, low as the Grave I sink.
 None e'er surviv'd the *Vizier's* Dignity;
 The Bow-string follows the departed Seals,
 As Night the Setting Sun.

Sult. Then put the States-Man on, resume thy self,
 Search all the winding Mazes of thy Brain,
 And work me up a Plot——

Worthy thy self, worthy our great Designs,
 To baffle Fortune, and elude our Fate.

Viz. 'Tis they themselves shall be the Instruments
 To fix your Grandeur, and extend your Sway
 Beyond its former Bounds.

Sult. Now thou reviv'st my dying Hopes again:
 But on, my *Vizier*, tell my eager Soul,

What

What most it longs to hear.

Viz. This Night the *Sultan* with Imperial State,
In publick celebrates the *Byram* Feast ;
His War-like Chiefs are to the Banquet bid,
To grace the Triumph, and partake the Joy.
Soon as the Bowl begins the chearful Round,
And Wine and Mirth have rais'd their Spirits high,
Thrown off their Guards, and given their Tongues a loose
To utter the Resentments of their Souls,
Then with insidious Speech I'll lead them on,
Conduct 'em to the *Precipices* Brink,
From whence they sink inevitably down,
In sure Destruction lost.

Sult. What most I dreaded, fills me most with Joy ;
My Heart begins to relish with Delight,
Thy Measures of Revenge.

Viz. *Balbanus* timely comes to our Relief,
Whose haughty Temper, and unguarded Speech,
Makes him a proper Engine for our Use ;
I know he'll gaul the fiery *Sultan's* Soul
In the most tender part.

Sult. Fortune this Night be to our Wishes kind,
Smile on Ambition, and a daring Mind ;
Give the Wine Strength, and Pleasure to the Bowl,
Till Rage and Frenzy seize the Tyrant's Soul ;
Then let dull Honesty be void of Art,
Prompt the free Tongue, and urge the open Heart,
Till odious Truths are utter'd out of time,
And with their Blood they expiate their Crime.

[*Exit*]

ACT

ACT IV. Scene I.

After a Symphony of Martial Instruments, the Scene opens, and discovers a Room of State; The Emperor and his Chief Officers rising from a Magnificent Banquet; large Pyramids of Lights on each side the Stage, as celebrating the Byram Feast: They advance to the Front with Guards, &c.

Emperor, Grand Vizier, Acmet, Mustapha, Balbanus, Ozmin, Bassa's.

Emp. **F**ILL up the Goblets, let the Trumpets sound,
Let the loud Instruments of War proclaim
The Byram Feast, and Triumphs of the Night;
Wide as the Universe diffuse the Joy,
And let the Vassal Monarchs of the World
Adjourn their Cares in duty to their Lord.

Acmet. Let fierce *Cassanes*, vanquish'd thrice in Arms,
And Tributary Princes to your Sword,
Now droop their Heads, and drag their servile Chains,
Whilst vaulted Heav'n resounds your sacred Praise,
Beyond Great *Ottman's*, Founder of your Race.

Must. Smile, vanquish'd *Bajazet*, ill-fated Prince!
From *Alla's* Paradise look smiling down,
And bless thy Son, Avenger of thy Wrongs.
The haughty *Tartar* shall insult no more,
Nor boast the Triumphs of *Angoria's* Plains;
Myriads of Victims expiate thy Blood,
Legions of Ghosts attend thy sullen Shade.

Emp. Tho' Arms and War become a Soldier's Mouth,
Nay, tho' my listning Soul dilates with Joy,
Yet now let Battel cease, let Glory rest,
And all the boasted Triumphs of the Field,
Whilst softer Scenes, and smiling Pleasures reign.

Viz. Then may the *Grecian* Wonder of the Age,
The fairest that e'er bless'd a Monarch's Arms,
May bright *Irene* crown the sparkling Bowl.

Emp.

Emp. Thou speak'st the Language of my fonder Heart;
My Soul with eager Transports meets the Health,
And thus insatiate takes the Charmer in,
Bid the loud Trumpet, bid the Clarions speak; { *Flourish of*
Speak all ye deep mouth'd Engines of the War. — { *Trumpets.*
Nay, kneel my Soldiers whilst your Sultan kneels,
Adoring thus the Tyrant of your Lord. [*They drink.*
Oh let me dote! let me for ever rave! [*Speaks as rising.*
Irene's the fix'd Centre of my Soul,
Dearer than Shouts of Triumphs after Fight,
Sweet as the balmy Breath of Eastern Groves,
Chaste as the Blushes of the dewy Morn,
And Fair as New-born Light.

Bal. Tho' mighty Heroes have been Slaves to Love,
And Princes most renown'd confess'd the Pow'r
Of Beauty's Charms, and a fair Tyrant's Sway,
Yet Honour burnt the fiercer in their Breasts,
And Fame and Glory urg'd the Lovers on,
To signalize their Passions in the Field,
And make the Dame immortal as their Arms.

Emp. Hah! Why, *Balbanus*, dost thou knit thy Brow?
Why thus assume a Magisterial Frown,
And dictate sawcy Wisdom to thy Lord?
As with a Coward's execrable Name.
Thou strov'st to blast the Triumphs of my Youth.

Bal. Oh Emperor! thou Idol of my Heart,
Incircl'd with Divinity and Pow'r,
To whom my Soul such Adoration pays,
That I approach your Presence as a God!
Permit your Soldier trembling at your Feet,
To speak what Honour, Truth and Love inspire,
In Duty to my Prince.

Emp. Speak on, *Balbanus*, and reproach thy Lord;
'Twas from thy Hands this wondrous Blessing came,
This darling Treasure of my ravish'd Soul:
Then let Ambition prompt thee how to ask,
To half my Empire raise thy just Demands,
By *Alla*, and this sacred Night 'tis thine.

Bal.

Bal. Your Fame and Honour terminate my Wish;
And if your Soldier has a Thought beyond,
Perdition be my Lot——

Oh mighty Prince! the Glory of our Arms!
The Soul that animates successful War!
Whilst you withdraw your Presence from the World,
Indulging Love, regardless of a Throne,
Your fading Laurels wither on your Brow,
And mould'ring Empire falls an easie Prey
To ev'ry bold Invader's grasping Hand.

Emp. Be Witness, Heav'n, and judge me all ye Pow'rs!
I'm call'd a Tyrant that delight in Blood;
'Tis said I'm Savage, Insolent and Fierce;
That furious Passions rend my stormy Soul:
What checks my Hand, or what restrains my Arm,
From taking fatal Vengeance thus provok'd,
Repaying back thy Insolence with Blood?

Bal. Tho' Fate attends, and Death pursues my Words,
What Sycophants disguise, what Flattery hides,
And falser Female Arts may palliate o'er,
My Soul shall utter with sincerest Truth.

Emp. Why dost thou grasp at Ruin? why dost thou toil
To raise the dreadful Engine of my Rage,
That levels sure Destruction at thy Head,
Swift as a Tempest rends thee from the Earth,
And hurls thee down Impetuous to the Grave?

Bal. Hourly for you my Life has been expos'd
On Hostile Plains, and the Advent'rous Field;
And if my Blood restores you to your Fame,
Balbanus falls a willing Sacrifice,
And thanks propitious Fate.

Viz. Never was Majesty prophan'd before
With such audacious Speech. Yet, Sacred Sir,
Impute it rather to excess of Wine,
Than Malice or Contempt.

Acm. Hear how the Blood-hound opens at the Trail!
But I'll partake his Fate——

[*Aside to Mustapha.*

Your faithful Soldier speaks the publick Grievs;

The

The Ancient Discipline of War's despis'd,
And bravest Leaders of your Host disgrac'd:
To you alone, who can redress our Wrongs,
Whose Fame is dearer to our Souls than Life,
Your suppliant Soldier's Bow.

Emp. Ungrateful *Acmet*! basest of Mankind!
Are these Returns to thy Indulgent Prince
For all my Bounties, all my tender Love?
That thy invenom'd Breath should blast my Fame,
And side with Traytors to traduce thy Lord?

Viz. Double the Guards at the *Seraglio* Gates;
This seems Design, 'tis a concerted Plot
Against your Dignity and Sacred Life.

Bal. 'Tis false, thou base Betrayer of thy Prince;
To injur'd Majesty I now appeal,
And here pronounce thee Traytor to thy Face.

Emp. Insult my faithful *Vizier* in my Sight!
Traytor, thy Blood shall answer the Offence;
And, though a Fate too glorious for thy Crimes,
Yet take it from my Hand.

Must. Oh Sacred Sir! yet recollect your self,
Nor violate all hospitable Laws
With such an horrid Deed.

Emp. Off, Villain, from my Robe,
Lest thro' thy Breast I plunge the pointed Steel,
And drench it in thy Heart.

Acm. Think on the Curse, the Execrable Curse,
That bind up Princes Hands like common Slaves,
Denouncing Woes on his detested Head,
That defecrates this hallowed Night with Blood.

Emp. Audacious Slave! Rash old presumptuous Man!
Yet e'er Destruction over-whelms thy Years,
Make from my fatal Rage.

Acm. Nay, with my Body interpos'd I stand,
And through old *Acmet* shall *Balbanus* Bleed;
For better Service never did I pay,
Averting thus the Curse of Gods and Men.

Emp. My Honour blemish'd, and my Pow'r contemn'd!
In my own Palace, at my Royal Board! [Exit *Vizier*.
How has my Love and easie Faith been wrong'd!

Enter Mutes with two Sable Vests, Eunuchs with Royal Ones for the Bassa's.

With Marks of Royal Favour we dismiss
Our War-like Guests. — Give there the Robes of Death,
[Pointing to Acem. and Balb.]

And at the Dawn let both the Traytors bleed.

Must. Away. Give me the Sable Livery of Fate;

[He refuses the Royal Vest.]

I'll share the rigid Fortune of my Friends,
Since Life's a greater Curse.

Emp. Rash Fool! what tempting Vengeance! urging Fate!
Retire, and one Reply is Death.

[Exeunt Bassa's.]

Balb. Nay, take your dying Soldier's last Farewel,
Who like himself in Battel wou'd have fell;
Yet his undaunted Soul preserves its State,
Despising Death, and smiles at hovering Fate.
If e'er we meet in dusky Realms below,
Our haughty Ghosts each others Shades will know;
And when thou seest my Innocence appear,
My Breast unfully'd, and my Honour clear,
Then with a guilty Blush you'll own too late,
Balbanus wou'd have fav'd his *Sultan* from his Fate.

[Exit with Mutes and Guards.]

Acem. For fifty Summer's Toil in Bloody Fields,
As many stormy Winters baleful Rage,
This fatal Vest is *Acmet's* great Reward.
Yet will I bless thee with my latest Breath;
I have a Father's Right to bless in Death.
Still may thy Conquests stile thee Lord of all,
And spread thy Triumphs o'er the vanquish'd Ball;
And 'midst thy Slaves may'st thou ten thousand find,
Like *Acmet* faithful, as *Balbanus* kind.

[Exit with Mutes and Guards.]

Emp. 'Twas call'd a Solemn Night of Publick Joy:
Where's now the Banquet? where the chearful Bowl,
And the gay Circle of my smiling Friends?

With

With Horror fled, fled from their Savage Lord,
And his detested Roof. Darkness, Despair,
Remorse and Guilt my sad Companions left.
Ev'n Love and Beauty, that shou'd charm my Care,
Now rend my Heart, and wound me with Despair.

[Exit.]

Scene the Second.

The Sultana's Apartment.

Enter the Sultana and Vizier.

Viz. At this late Season of declining Night,
I fear, *Sultana*, I too rudely press
On your Retirement, and the Hours of Rest.

Sult. Think'st thou that gentle Slumbers close my Eyes,
Or that my Soul indulges soft Repose,
When Fate is poising of the doubtful Scale,
And all my Fortunes in the Balance lie,
Weigh'd out by Hopes and Fears?

Viz. Your better Genius has at length prevail'd,
Acmet is with the fierce *Balbanus* doom'd,
And sure Destruction waits for *Mustapha*,
Companion of their Fate.

Sult. Both in your Power, and not already dead !
Oh Coward *Vizier*, and compos'd of Fears !
Why dost thou wear that outward Form of Man,
Without a Woman's Soul? Dispatch them strait.

Viz. Our *Alchoran* this night restrains my Hands.

Sult. What is our Prophet or his Law to thee?
Thou puny Statesman, better learn thy Trade;
Ambition never knew Religion yet:
This Moment they shall bleed.

Viz. In wild Impatience all your Judgment's lost.
Revenge is sure, I've doubly guarded Fate;
And tho' but three short Hours of Life remain,
Profess'd and open Rebels shall they fall,
In Arms against their Prince.

Sult. By what strange Magick is this Wonder wrought ?

Enter a Servant.

Viz. Oh *Hassan* ! always faithful to thy Lord,
I read triumphant Mischief in thy Face,
And full Security of Blood.

I need not ask, nor doubt of thy Success.

Hass. *Mustapha's* easie Temper took the Bait,
Thinking me still his Friend, the *Musti's* Slave.
With full Acknowledgments he kiss'd the Key
That shou'd convey the sentenc'd Generals forth
Through the back Gardens to the Western Port.

Viz. Where did you leave the *Aga* ?

Hass. I parted with him at the Dungeon's Mouth ;
The Guards receiv'd us, as instructed well,
With all the Artifice of proffer'd Vows,
And most ensnaring Love.

Vsz. Is *Ozmin* gone to rouse his sleepy Lord
With Terror and Affright.

Hass. 'Tis done.

Sult. But yet I dread the Soldiers Insolence ;
For 'midst the Clamours of the Night I've heard
The Names of *Acmet* and *Balbanus* join'd
Resound along the Streets

Viz. Rais'd by my Conduct, by my Creatures led,
'Tis all subservient to my great Design.——

Hassan, attend ; I've Orders yet behind ;
And you, *Sultana*, take your needful Rest,
Whilst I observe the Motions of the Night:

For at the Dawn, my Signal in the Skies,
I'll offer up an early Sacrifice ;

The blushing Morn shall view the Purple Flood,
And the propitious Sun arise in Blood.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene a Night Apartment.

Irene discover'd sleeping on a Couch; The Sultan enters with a drawn Dagger; Mutes and Eunuchs attend with Lights.

Emp. Be calm my Soul, and thou my swelling Heart,
Cease, for a Moment cease thy wracking Pains,
Or my distemper'd Thoughts will rend my Brain. [*Viewing Irene.*
Yet sleep, *Irene*, sleep devoid of Care;
Nor ev'n in Dreams may one ungentle Thought
Ruffle the balmy Slumbers of thy Breast;
Whilst like a fullen Ghost I stalk along
Where the lov'd Treasure of my Soul's repos'd;
Watchful with jealous Fears I hover round,
And Nightly visit the enchanted Ground,
To view the shining Mas I can't enjoy,
And guard those Beauties that my Rest destroy.

[*Irene speaks as waking.*

Alas, my Lord! Why do you view me thus?
Why those stern Looks, and why that brandish'd Steel?
Now by the Fears, and Tremblings of my Soul,
By all the Terrors of my boding Dreams,
My latest Hour is come.

[*She rises.*

Emp. Irene, I've a strict Demand to make,
A long Arrear, a mighty Debt of Love,
And come to balance the Account with Blood.
This Prodigal's at length a Bankrupt grown;
The long Profusion of my lavish Heart
Has run me out the Empire of the Globe,
Squander'd my Sceptres, stript me of my Fame,
And left me scarce the Shadow of a Prince,
Undone by Love and Thee.

Iren. My Sighs and Tears are all my weak Defence,
When you reproach my Guilt.

Emp. Is there a Cause, in Nature found a Cause,
Besides the fatal Lustre of those Eyes,
That has conspir'd against this wretched Man?
That in the midst of Triumphs gave the Wound,
Seiz'd the proud Victor like a common Slave,

And

And from the height of Glory hurl'd him down,
Expos'd to Misery, Contempt and Shame?

Irene say, is there a second Cause?

That I may fix the mighty Ruins there,
And spare the charming Author of my Woes.

Iren. Tho' Death I court, and languish for the Grave,
Yet they appear so dreadful in those Frowns,
That Coward, as I am, I own my Fears,
And all the Woman trembling in my Soul,
Begs Mercy from thy Hands, thy cruel Hands,
False as those Lips that vow'd Eternal Love.

Emp. No; I am deaf to thy enchanting Voice,
Deaf to thy Sighs, relentless to thy Tears,
And soft Insinuations of thy Eyes:

For I will kill thee, murder all thy Charms,
Without Remorse. — But then I'll kill thee here,

[Points to his Breast.

Stab thee in every Lodgment of my Heart,
Where all thy Tyrant Beauties sit enthron'd,
Plunge the keen Dagger in the fondest part,
And over-whelm thee with a glut of Blood;
And often as I drench the pointed Steel,
So oft I'll cry, — This for my Empire lost,
For *Acmet's* Fate, for brave *Balbanus* Life,
And for Ten thousand thousand Subjects Hearts.

Iren. And will you add to all my horrid Crimes
The Guilty Cause of shedding Royal Blood?
First give me Death in its most dreadful Form;
My Soul's prepar'd, 'tis arm'd with Courage now,
And my fond Breast impatient longs for Fate.

Emp. Fate, my *Irene*, has no Business there;
Ten thousand Beauties guard from Violence
That Paradise of Joys.

Iren. Since Death's deny'd the Anguish of my Soul,
Then hear, my Lord, let your rowz'd Vengeance hear
What I must utter to extort my Fate:

These sully'd Beauties tho' you've long enjoy'd,
And had the full Pollution of my Bed,
Yet my fond Love a *Grecian* Prince possess'd,
And with my plighted Vows has all my Heart.

Emp.

Emp. Hah !

Let me stand this Shock with Patience Heav'n,
Dreadful as all thy angry Bolts were hurl'd,
Transfixing me to Earth ; yet I'll not rave,
Nor with wild Passions terrifie thy Soul ;
But Earth shall not conceal him from my Rage,
Nor Hell protect him from my vow'd Revenge.

Iren. What has my thoughtless, wild Distraction done !

Emp. Sting on, thou Scorpion, torture on my Breast ;
There wanted only this consummate Curse
To make my Woes compleat.

For him thy Sighs, for him were all thy Tears,
Whilst I neglected lay within thy Arms,
An empty Cypher, the dead weight of Love ;
My Bed the Monument of absent Joys,
Thy frozen Beauties cold to my Embrace,
Colder than Death, relentless as the Grave.

Iren. Then banish me for ever from your Arms,
Or right your injur'd Passion on my Heart.

Emp. No, thou lov'd Ruin ; no, thou fair Ingrate ;
Behold a Wretch abandon'd to thy Scorn,
The Sport of Fortune, and the Fool of Love.
E'en now I wish I had more Worlds to lose,
More Crowns to lay neglected at thy Feet ;
All I have left me is my vow'd Revenge,
Which thus I hurl away.

[Casts the Dagger from him..

Iren. What means my Lord ?

Emp. To vanquish yet the Pride and fix'd Disdain.
I'll ev'ry wild Excess of Fondness try,
Rend the lov'd Idol from thy doating Soul,
Confront this happy Rival in thy Breast,
And there dispute the Empire of thy Heart.

Iren. What greater Torments are reserv'd in store,
When you deny me Death ?

Emp. Empire and Joys, and everlasting Love,
Thy blooming Youth the Purple Robe shall grace,
And round thy Brow the Jems Imperial blaze.
To Bed, my Fair, this Night indulge thy Rest,

Free

Free from the Pangs that wound thy *Sultan's* Breast ;
 To morrow all thy matchless Charms display,
 And set thy Beauties in their bright Array ;
Justinian's Race shall Mount the *Ottoman* Throne,
 And *Greece* Triumphant Boast an Emp'ress of its own. [Exit.

*Scene changes to the Masimora, or Royal Prisons of the Seraglio,
 where the Male Princes of the Blood are confin'd.*

Enter Acmet and Balbanus in Sable Vests.

Bal. No, my good *Acmet*, Death I never fear'd,
 So oft confronted on embattl'd Plains:
 But yet——

The dreadful Visage of these gloomy Vaults,
 With an unwonted Horror shakes my Soul ;
 The scatter'd Bones that uncollected lye,
 And ghastly Sculls, the Fragments of the Grave,
 By dying Lamps disclos'd, that blazing Glare
 Through the black Vapours, and this Pest of Night.

Acmet. Bugbears for Girls to frighten Infants with ;
 The Coward dying on his Downy Bed,
 Encounters more distracting Scenes than these.

Bal. And yet methinks the Solemn Pomp of Death,
 Its slow Advances, and Tyrannick State,
 Bear Terrors with it Human Nature dreads,
 And might dismay the most undaunted Mind.

Acmet. Tho' Superstition never sway'd my Breast,
 Yet the Disasters of the Night recal
 A passage Deep impress'd upon my Mind ;
 A fam'd *Chaldean* once my Fortune told,
 My Arms Succels, and Posts of high Command ;
 Then pausing sigh'd : Soldier, says he, take heed,
 A Night there comes in which you're doom'd to Bleed ;
 A Night that shall decide an Empire's Fate ;
 Ward off rhat Blow, you save the *Ottoman* State.

Balbanus. But there's no Guard against a Thunder-clap,
 No parrying with Fate.

Acmet. Hah ! dost thou see yon' feeble glimmering Light,
 Far as thy Eyes can bear thee down the Gloom,

Tha

That like the closing of a Star appears,
When nightly Mists arise?

Balb. I have it in my View.

Acm. There lies unhappy mourning *Bajazet*,
Stretch'd on the Earth he waters with his Tears,
Tho' born a Prince, tho' Great with *Ottoman* Blood,
And our vast Empires sole surviving Heir:
Yet there the wretched Royal Mourner lies,
Repining at his high Illustrious Birth,
That dooms him to a Dungeon's close Restraint,
To drag the Hours of miserable Life
In constant Fears of Death, and dread of Fate.

Balb. Tyrannick Custom! Barbarous Jealousy.
Of Regal Pow'r! my sympathizing Soul
Melts at his Sorrows, and forgets her own.

Enter Mustapha with Attendants.

Speaks entring.

Through the deep Caverns of these winding Vaults,
Deaths sullen Mansions, Realms of black Despair,
More dreadful made by the decays of Light,
Hither I've trac'd the murmuring Sound of Words.
How fares it with my brave unhappy Friends?

Acm. As Sick of Life, and weary of the World,
We wait to be dismiss'd.

Must. No; There's I hope a smiling Interval
Remains behind, and date of happy Years.
Now at this Dead and Sullen hour of Night,
The loud Tumultuous Soldiers fierce in Arms,
Threatning demand their injur'd Generals forth,
And *Bajazet* to fill the vacant Throne
Of their Licentious Prince.

Balb. And ought not you, the Janizaries Chief,
Bound by the Duty of your High Command,
To stop their Frenzy, to restrain their Rage,
And crush the *Hydra*, e're the sprouting Heads
Cast their black *Venom* forth;

Must. My *Sultan's* Danger, and my Friends Distress,
Has brought me through these Labyrinths of Fate,
To join my lov'd Associates of the War,
In just defence of outrag'd Majesty,
And to suppress the Tumult of the Night.

Acm. Our *Sultan's* high Displeasure doom'd us here,
Sentenc'd to suffer by his dread Command;
Not Chains nor Walls of *Adamant* have Pow'r,
To bind me faster than his sacred Breath;
Here I'll expect, and here Embrace my Fate;
Nor for an Empire wou'd I disobey
My Royal Master's Will.

Enter Emperor, Pyrrhus, Guards at a distance, as observing.

Must. Tamely will *Acmet* fall a Sacrifice
To the Revenge and Malice of his Foes?
When Duty, Love and Honour call to Arms,
When his good Sword might clear his injur'd Fame,
And Reinstate him in his Prince's Smiles?

Bal. Proscrib'd by Fate, and destin'd to the Grave,
In us'tis Criminal to mention Life;
And thou, unwary *Mustapha*, take heed,
Trust not the giddy Headstrong Multitude;
'Twill be too late to Struggle with the Tide,
When hurry'd down the swift impetuous Stream,
And overwhelm'd with Guilt.

Acm. In open Day, and Witness of the Sun,
Honour has often call'd Old *Acmet* forth,
To lead the shouting Squadrons to the Field:
And shall I at my last departing Hour,
On Life's extreamest Verge, and brink of Fate,
Blast all the Laurels that my Youth has won,
By herding with the base inglorious Crowd,
The Sons of Rapine, and Seditious Spawn?
Mingle with Tavern *Heroes* reeling home,
To countenance their Riots with my Sword,
And head the wild Disorders of the Night?

Must.

Must. Why, cruel *Acmet*? Why, ungenerous Friends,
Do you revile me as a Traytor grown?
I tell you, *Bassa's*, that ye wrong my Fame.
Sooner these Hands shou'd rip this Bosom up,
And from it rend the honest faithful Heart,
Vultures to gorge, and feed the midnight Wolf,
Than draw my Sword in a Disloyal Cause,
Or but in thought Rebel against my Prince.

Acm. I've wrong'd the Aga with imprudent Speech,
Wrong'd thy known Virtue, and unblemish'd Fame :
But soon thy fierce Resentments will be o're ;
Soon thou'lt behold unhappy *Acmet* fall'n,
Spurn'd to the Earth, and grov'ling in the Dust ;
To render Pity then thy Rage will turn,
Then thou'lt forgive this rash intemp'rate Man,
Nay, shed a Tear o're his lamented Tomb,
And Mourn his rigid Fate.

Must. Cease, *Acmet*, cease to wound thy Souldier's Heart ;
My Sire in Arms, and Parent of the War.

Bal. Sure the approaching Morn' must be at hand ;
Now Death's with larger Strides advancing on ;
Desert us not till the expiring Gasp,
But see thy Friends like *Ottoman* Generals fall,
Submit with Patience to the fatal Hand,
And bless the Prince that gave the dread Command.

Acm. And if you see some watry Bubbles rise,
Think 'tis His Fate extorts 'em from our Eyes ;
To see him drag a worthless Woman's Chain
And blast the Triumphs of his Glorious Reign.
Oh! did I Heav'n like that lov'd Man adore,
How happy shou'd I reach the distant Shoar!
Nay, if my future self retains a Thought,
And this Excess of Fondness is forgot,
May *Demons* sink my Spirit as I rise,
And chase my Soul from promis'd *Paradise*.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Emperor, Ozmin, Guards advance.

Emp. Oh Generous *Acmet* ! Cruel faithful Man !

I cannot bear the Lashes of thy Frown,
Thy Virtues with too fierce a Lustre shine,
They strike too great an Awe upon my Soul,
And rend my darling Vices from my Heart :
Thou art all Honour, Piety and Truth,
Virtues that once thy *Mahomet* cou'd boast.

But cease that Thought, it Wounds my Soul too deep.

Hali, attend 'em with a Guard approv'd,— *To Hali, an Officer*
And answer with your own the Generals Lives } *of the Guards, who*

Pyr. Was *Ozmin* worthy to advise his Lord, } *goes out.*
Their presence wou'd compose the Soldiers Rage,
And pacify the Tumults of the Night.

Emp. No, *Ozmin*, No ;—

I will not be oblig'd to Men I've wrong'd,
Nor can my haughty Soul descend to own
Its fatal Error, nor confess my Shame.
I'll owe my Safety my Sword alone,
And bravely perish, or support my Throne. [*A shot at a Distance.*

Pyr. The publick Storm grow insolently loud,
And gathering rowls along.

Emp. Once more in shining Arms I will appear,
And Face the threatening Dangers of the Night ;
With Rods of Steel the Rebel Slaves chastise,
And make their Duty glitter in their Eyes.
An easy Labour this—

Oh ! Cou'd I Beauty's fatal Charms remove,
And from my Bosom chase the Tyrant Love !
Insulting *Acmet* then wou'd cease to frown,
And own his *Sultan* worthy of a Crown

[*Exeunt.*

Act.

Act V. Scene I.

The Empress's Apartments.

The Scene opens, and discovers Irene sitting in Rich Imperial Robes, a Table by her, with the Crown and Regalia on a Velvet Cushion, Zaida standing behind her, as adjusting her Dress; soft Musick playing, and a Song; which ended, she rises advancing towards the Front.

Iren. **M**USICK has Charms for every Breast but mine;
And in the dazzling Prospect of a Crown
Are Beauties that can fire the coldest Heart;
Irene's Soul's insensible alone,
And has no Taste of Joy.

Zoid. What nobler Present cou'd our Sultan make
The Mistress of his Heart.

Iren. I'll tell thee, Zaida, tell thee all my Fears.
After the Tumults of the Night were o'er,
Sternly he look'd as he approach'd my Bed,
His Robes all Bloody, and his Gestures wild.—

[Enter Aratus.

But ah! support me! stay my fainting Limbs!
For here's a Sight will sink me down to Earth.—
Cruel Aratus! Foe to my Repose!
What fatal Error has betray'd you here,
To tempt Destruction, make thy Ruin sure,
And rashly hazard both our forfeit Lives?

Arat. Your flowing Fortunes, and Imperial State,
Demand this Homage from a captiv'd Prince:
This Royal Vassal, doubly now your Slave;
I have no Crowns, no Scepters left to give;
Yet take the last Remains of my Despair,
For I've a Purple Tribute in my Heart,
An humble Sacrifice to offer up
Of no Ignoble Blood,

Iren.

Iren. That you are Wretched, adds to my Distress;
Yet when *Aratus* mourns an Empire's loss,
He knows not half the Misery and Woes
Attend that Pageant Crown.

Arat. Did I e'er sigh, or shed one mournful Tear
For ruin'd *Corinth*, or my Country's Fate?
I tax'd not Fortune, nor reproach'd my Stars,
For I'd a nobler Empire in thy Heart;
But false as Fortune's were *Irene's* Smiles;
My Scepters lost, she banish'd me her Breast,
Drove with Disdain this wretched Exile forth,
To combat long Despair, and hopeless Love.

Iren. Has Fortune influenc'd my Faithless Breast,
And Pomp and Titles sway'd my fickle Heart?
Oh thou unjust! Thou most ungrateful Prince!
How ill have you repay'd my Sufferings past,
And Miseries to come!

Arat. Have I a Curse on Earth like thy Disdain?
A Torment like the false *Irene's* Scorn?
So sure Destruction! such a Ruin fix'd,
As thy inexorable Hate!

Iren. Yet, e're thou see'st the weakness of my Soul,
E're thy unjust Reproaches yet extort
A fond Confession from my bleeding Heart,
In Pity leave me, and conceal my Shame.

Arat. Yes, I will go——
I'll take this hated Object from your Eyes;
But when the Triumphs of the Day begin,
And in Imperial Pomp you're bore along,
The Joy of Nations, and Earth's Sovereign Queen,
'Midst the gay Shouts, and Acclamations sound,
Shou'd you then hear a sad expiring Groan,
One Moment stop, and downward cast your Eyes
Low as the Earth where poor *Aratus* lies;
Insulting bid thy happy Lord look down
On the fall'n Rival of his Love and Throne,
Then boast the Heir of *Constantine* was slain
By perjur'd Vows, and thy unjust Disdain.

[Is going.

Iren.

Iren. Stay, thou Ingrate, e're we for ever part,
Take the last Fondness of a breaking Heart;
Not glittering Toys, nor Purple Robes can move,
A Heart abandon'd to *Aratus's* Love.

Like a Mute Sacrifice thou see'st me Crown'd,
My self the Priestess that shall give the Wound;
Nor envy thou the Rival I must wed,
Death is my Spouse, the Grave my Bridal Bed.

[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE II.

The Great Divan, or Turkish Court of Justice.

After a solemn Symphony of Martial Instruments, enter at the Side-Doors the Great Bassas of State, and Commanders of the Army, who range themselves on each side the Stage. Then the Emperor enters at the Front in the Imperial Turkish Robes, with the Mufti and Vizier on each Hand, Pyrrhus bearing the Sword of State before him. They receive him with the Turkish Obedience, then form a Semicircle. A Throne plac'd in the middle of the Stage.

Emp. That I've withdrawn my Presence from the World,
Thrown off th' uneasy Grandeur of a Crown,
Despis'd the empty Pageantries of State,
And left the Toils of Empire to my Slaves,
Has given presumptuous Freedom to your Speech,
And Licence to your Tongues: But trembling know,
That Sovereign Princes are your Gods on Earth,
Unbounded as the Elements they reign,
That scatter Heat, and Light, and fruitful Showers;
Or else in Tempests and avenging Flames
Descend to scourge the World.——

Enter Achmet, Mustapha, Balbanus, Guards.

Achmet, and you Companions of his Guilt,
My Honour calls me here to clear my Fame.

Before

Before my Justice sweeps you from the Earth.

Acm. Then gracious Heav'n has heard old *Acmet's* Prayer,
Whilst thus my *Sultan* stands incircled round,
Whilst terrible with Majesty and Power,
My Heart exults, a swelling Tide of Joy
Distends my Veins, and now I die content.

Emp. Not as Offenders, but as Ott'man Chiefs,

[*They receive their Generals Staffs from the Guards*

Resume the Ensigns of your high Command,
And answer me like Men devoid of Fear :
After the Ruins of *Angoria's* Fight,
When haughty *Tamerlain's* resistless Arms
Swift as a Deluge overspread the Land,
And held your Monarch in inglorious Chains,
Where was your Empire then ? where was your State ?
And boasted Glories of the Ott'man Race ?

Bal. Illustrious *Amurath*, your Royal Sire,
Undaunted as he was, and fam'd for War,
Pale and agasht beheld the tottering Throne,
Nor durst assume the empty Name of King.

Emp. My Father sav'd you at th'extreamest Gasp,
Yet dying, left me but a Petty Prince,
My Sword my best Inheritance. From Fate,
And the Ambition of my Soul, my Right,
Two mighty Empires have my Arms subdu'd
Thrice on the *Tartar* I aveng'd your Wrongs,
Through East and West led my Victorious Host,
And spread my Triumphs o'er the vanquish'd North.
If ought I utter but unblemish'd Truth,
If ought in Vanity or Wind boast,
Reproach me to my Face.

Acm. Not all your fam'd Progenitors in War,
Not the immortal Heroes of your Race,
Uniting all their Glories in the Scale,
Can praise your greater Name.

Musl. Oh *Mahomet* ! thou Darling of the Stars !
On whom indulgent Heaven propitious smiles ;
Parent of Empire, Founder of our Throne !

Scarce can our Souls conceive th' Immense Delight,
Much less our Tongues express our grateful Joy.

Emp. Yet you can censure, blemish and revile,
Your Tongues with lavish Eloquence display
Your *Sultan's* Vices, and upbraid his shame :
But since my brighter Honour's unimpeach'd,
Lower shall injur'd Majesty descend
To clear my spotless Fame.

*The Emperor receives Irene at the Door, dress'd in Imperial Robes,
her Face cover'd with a Turkish Veil. He leads her to the Front.
Sultana attended by Women, Eunuchs, Guards.*

Emp. See here the beauteous Cause of your Complaints !
Behold the fair Seducer of your Prince !
The dear Engager of his daily Vows,
And Idol of his Heart ! ———
Come now, you bold Prophaners of my Love ; { *Her Women*
Audacious *Acmet*, stern *Balbanus*, come ; { *Unveil her.*
Survey her o're, gaze till your Eye-balls burst,
And her avenging Beauties scorch your Soul.

Acem. No, *Sultan* ; let my Years be my Excuse ;
Beauty was ne're my Province in my Youth ;
Your Court abounds with Women-gazing Fools,
Fine dressing Fops, that study the Fair Sex,
They'll sooth your Passions, flatter, praise and lye,
More than a Soldier dares.

Emp. Turn thee, thou obstinate, morose old Man,
Nor let thy furly Honour close thy Eyes
Against th' apparent Triumph of my Love.
For if thou find'st where lavish Nature errs,
If perfect Beauty sits not there inshrin'd
In the full Lustre of each blooming Grace,
I own your Conquest, and confess my shame.

Acem. Yes, I will view this fatal Basilisk,
 That scatters such invenom'd Glances round,
 And with a blaze of Beauty fires the Heart. ———
 Hah! ——— By the Sacred Love I bear to Arms, [Aside.]
 A brighter Object ne're my Eyes beheld,
 Nor that consummate Glory of a Face.

Emp. Nay, grudge not, *Acmet*, my *Irene's* Praise,
 But utter all thy Thought.

Acem. In not Condemning, I too much commend,
 Nay own, that with malicious Joy I view
 Those matchless Features, and that Form Divine,
 That make Destruction lovely to the Soul,
 And gild your Ruine o're.

Emp. Tho' you, *Balbanus*, knew her early Dawn,
 Time has disclos'd Ten Thousand wond'rous Charms,
 And finish'd ev'ry Grace.

Bal. When I admire, 'tis an embattl'd Host,
 Descending from some rugged Mountains side
 In bright Array, and Glittering Pomp of War,
 Beauties more worthy of a Soldier's Praise.

Emp. Not so obdurate, *Aga*, is thy Heart,
 By Friendship tun'd, and moulded with my own,
 Moroser Age has never sow'd thy Veins ;
 Then tell thy *Sultan*, Is *Irene* fair ?

Must. As Orient Beams of Light.
 Bright as the Beauties of the blushing Morn,
 When all the Azure Ports of Heaven unbarr'd,
 Let forth the streaming Day.
 Sare when our Prophet promis'd future Joys,
 And form'd so fair, his Paradisal Dames,
 Such lovely Visions first inspir'd his Breast :
 But wanting Words expressive of their Charms,

He

The Fair Greek.

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He left imperfect Sketches of the Fair,
Which those bright Eyes reveal.

Viz. Her Sexes Triumph, lavish Nature's Boast,
And Wonder of Mankind.

Emp. Come now, ye bold Impeachers of my Flame,
That charge your Prince with an Inglorious Life,
And squandering all his wastful Hours on Love. —
Nay, frown not, Sirs; in spite of Age and Years,
Amongst you all there's not that abject Slave,
Wou'd quit the Blessing of her foster Arms
For all the splendid Toils that Empire yields,
And Lustre of a Crown.

Actm. But Glory, Sir, has more transcendent Charms,
And Virtue, Beauties much more worth to you.

Emp. 'Tis well, my furly Monitor, 'tis well;
Thy Self-convicting Passion be thy Judge,
Who to my Face hast own'd thy guilty Flame.
You dare repine and murmur at your Prince!
You that wou'd Rival me, possess the Fair,
And rob me of my Joys.

Actm. We plead for Honour, but are cast by Love.

Emp. Are not her Beauties here confess'd Divine?
Is not each Feature, ev'ry lavish Grace,
Beyond her Sex? Much more than Woman Dear,
And worthy all my Vows?
Speak You, my *Bassas*; speak, my generous Chiefs,
And vindicate my Flame.

Omnes.] Irene's worthy our Great Sultan's Love.

Emp. My injur'd Honour stood before discharg'd,
And now I've vanquish'd in the Cause of Love. —
But oh! — the fatal Tryal's yet to come
That rends each Fibre of my bleeding Heart,
And wounds my inmost Soul.

The Emperor takes Irene by the Hand, and places her upon the Throne ; the Regalia and Sword of Justice plac'd at her Feet.

Emp. Princes, behold the Partner of my Throne,
Mistress of Empire, and Earth's Sovereign Queen!

[*The Bassa's pay their Obeisance. A Flourish of Trumpets and Discharge of Ordnance.*]

Look up, my Charmer! bless me with thy Smiles!
Scepters and Crowns attend my Royal Fair ;
Thy Captive Chains are turn'd to Diadems,
And Name of Slave to Empress of the World.

Iren. Ambition never touch'd *Irene's* Soul.
Oh! was my State but humble as my Thought!
Some peaceful Cottage then wou'd crown my Wish,
And yield a friendly Shelter to my Tears.

Emp. Hah! — 'tis a glorious Thought!
Wou'd I'd been born for thee a Village-Swain ;
Nurs'd on some *Thracian* Mountain's bleaky Ridge ;
My bleating Flocks my poor unenvy'd Store,
And all my Empire bounded in thy Arms ;
That with the Night returning from my Toils,
Eager to fold thee in my fond Embrace,
Tho' Rains descending pierc'd our homely Shed,
And dreadful Tempests shook the trembling Roof ;
Yet there no *Acmet* with chastising Frowns,
No stern *Balbanus* with imperious Speech
Wou'd thunder *Honour-Honour* in my Ears,
Nor Lecture me with Fame.

Iren. Indeed, my Lord, this tender fond Excess
Of generous Passion, and transcendent Love,
Pierces my Soul, and wounds my bleeding Heart.

Emp. Oh my *Irene*! turn that pointed Glance,
Turn hence the fatal Lustre of thy Eyes,
Or *Mahomet* for ever, ever's lost!
I've given thee Empire, fix'd thee on a Throne;
With raving Fondness doated on thy Charms,
Devoting all my happier Hours to Love:
But what is Empire? What a Pageant Crown
To thy Celestial Form, and Charms Divine?
Take then th' extremest Proofs of wondrous Love;
Take what my wild Excess of Passion gives,
And reign the Brightest, most Triumphant Queen
In Starry Realms above. [*Stabs her.*]

Act. By all my Hopes, *Balbanus*, it was home.

Bal. The Rival Passions have been struggling long,
And Glory has prevail'd.

Iren. My cruel Lord, why this inhuman Deed?
Why this deluding Pageantry of Death,
And fatal Pomp to lay me in the Dust?
But yet again repeat the bloody Stroke;
My Bosom heaves to meet the chaster Steel,
That from defil'd Embraces sets me free,
And gives a kind Dismission to my Soul.

Emp. Knew'st thou the Racks that I this Moment feel,
The Horror, Anguish, and the fix'd Despair,
Exquisite Tortures, and distracting Pains
That pierce my Soul, and rend my bleeding Heart,
Ev'n thou wou'dst pity, not upbraid my Guilt.

Iren. Why dost thou hold, and fondly clasp me thus,
And stand betwixt offended Heaven and Me,
To intercept my latest Penitence,
Thou Author of my Crimes?

Emp.

Emp. Oh my *Irene* ! by our Pleasures past,
By all the soft Endearments of our Love,
I burn this Moment with a hotter Flame,
And rage with fiercer Pangs of fond Desire,
Than when I first constrain'd thee to my Arms,
And lay entranc'd with Joy.

Iren. Oh ! cease to triumph o'er my wounded Fame,
Inhuman Victor ! Thou remorseless Prince !
Hast thou not loaded me enough with Crimes,
But thou wou'dst fully my expiring Soul,
And brand me to the Grave ?

Emp. Pernicious Glory, fatal Thirst of Fame,
And Empire's Charms, have all conspir'd
To load with Curses this abandon'd Fool,
This Murd'rer of his Joys.

Iren. Yet could my streaming Blood but cleanse my Heart,
And wash the Stains from my polluted Soul,
The lasting Stains of thy Licentious Bed,
Then wou'd I thank thee with my latest Breath,
Nay, fondly bless thee in the Pangs of Death,
Implore the Mercy of each Saint above
To pardon thee thy wild Excess of Love.

Emp. Pardon ! Forgive ! nay, Bless thy Brutal Lord !
Then thou hast quite disarm'd my Savage Soul,
And Earth contains not such a Wretch accurs'd !

Iren. Adieu, my Lord ; Death's friendly Aid is come ;
I feel the peaceful Slumbers of the Grave :
Yet e're I die, indulge my last Request,
For ever blot me from your Royal Breast,
Conceal my Shame, and let my Ashes rest. [Dies.] }

Emp. Oh ! hold, my Charmer ! stay my injur'd Fair !
My fond expiring Soul attends on Thine,

Com-

Companion of thy Fate. ———

Accursed Hand ! Oh more than Brutal Act
Of Savage Rage ! to blot those Heavenly Charms ;
And with this Sacrilegious Hand erase
The noblest Workmanship the God's could boast,
Or Tyrant e'er enjoy'd. ——— Oh cruel *Acmet* !
Thou Inhuman Friend !

Acmet. You've conquer'd, Sultan, and the Danger's o'er.

Emp. Robb'd of thy Mistress, Honour, and thy Fame !
Whither, thou wretched Monarch, wilt thou turn ?
Where wilt thou hide thy base inglorious Head ? ———

Enter Aratus, looking with amaze on Irene.

Have I, like *Nero*, neither Friend nor Foe
To rid a Tyrant of his hated Life ?

Arat. Yes, Monster ; Thou Imperial Murderer, [*Guards seize
and disarm
Aratus.*]
The Sword is out that shall avenge Mankind,
And free the World that groans beneath thy Curse.

Emp. Vanquish'd *Aratus* ! Captive of the War !
Thy feeble Arm, and thy twice-baff'd Sword,
Are not a Conquest worthy *Mahomet*,
Who scorns th' inglorious Combat with his Slave.

Arat. 'Tis false ; To boundless Empire I was born,
Till thy rapacious Hand usurp'd my Right,
And left me not the Title of a Prince. ———
Oh ! that in Arms I cou'd Encounter free,
Again to try the Fortune of the War !
That like a Tempest I might rush upon thee,
Pour all my Indignation on thy Soul,
And overwhelm thee with my just Revenge !
For injur'd Fame, and my *Irene*'s Blood !

Emp.

Emp. Rival in Empire and *Irene's* Love !
 Unhand him all, restore *Aratus* Sword.
 Now by the Soul of my Immortal Sire,
 Destruction's his that dares to interpose. ———
 Come on, *Aratus*, like a Soldier, come,
 And guard with Care thy false perfidious Heart,
 For there my Sword shall first chastise thy Pride,
 Thy impious Passion and presumptive Love.

Arat. Then Honour, and the Justice of my Cause. [*They fight.*]

Emp. Take thy Reward, thou base ungrateful Greek,
 That durst essay my Sword's unerring Point,
 And tempt the brandish'd Thunder of my Arm.

Arat. Y'have kept the fatal Promise to my Heart,
 The chilly Damps of Death are hovering round ;
 Yet, Tyrant, still I triumph o'er thy Love :
Irene now I'll unmolested have,
 Thou dar'st not be my Rival in the Grave. [*Dies.*]

Emp. Dye, Traytor, dye with that deluding Thought ;
 My *Alla* in his brightest Paradise
 Reserves her Beauties for thy happier Lord.

Pyr. One Moment, Sultan, to my Sorrows give,
 And hear the Brother of that bleeding Fair,
 Who in her Dawn, and immature for Love,
 By plighted Vows was made *Aratus* Wife :
 The Day that shou'd consummate all their Joys
 Made us the mourning Captives of the Sword.
 Yet, e'er our Native Liberties were lost,
 With mutual Oaths we at the Altar swore
 To share one Fortune, and partake one Fate.
 They have the start of Death before me now ;
 But just to Fate, I thus discharge my Vow. [*Stabs himself.*]

Emp. Stay, my dear *Ozmin* ; stop thy cruel Hand.

The Fair Greek.

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Pyr. 'Tis past, and I am free. ———

Balbanus, wou'd thou'dst sav'd my Hands the Guilt
Of this black Crime, when Pity check'd thy Sword;
Then Innocent and Young I might have dy'd,
And gain'd that Heav'n I've impiously deny'd;
Now press'd with Horror and Despair I go,
Doom'd to the Mansions of Eternal Woe.
Yet Mercy, Heav'n, since thus my Blood I've spilt
Rather than live in my Apostate Guilt. [Dies.

Emp. Stay, my dear Youth; my gentle *Ozmin*, stay! ———

Pale, cold and wan as my *Irene's* Charms;
And thou, proud Rival, silent as the Grave;
Yet happy all, and Conquerors in Death;
Sick, Sick of Life, I'll try this Friendly Cure,
Like an old *Roman* I'll dismiss my Soul,
T'oretake *Irene's* hovering in the Air,
And thence conduct her to the Realms above,
To take a long Eternity of Love.

Acem. The Bodies but increase his raging Griefs,
Remove 'em from his View.

Emp. My tott'ring Limbs can scarce support my Frame,
Rent is each Fibre of my bursting Heart, ——— { *Leans on*
And Fate without a second Cause is kind. ——— { *Mustapha.*

Acmet, my bleeding Love's invet'rate Foe,
And stern *Balbanus*, Tyrant to my Joys,
Why do you shun the Ruines of your Lord?
Fly the Destruction that your Hands have wrought,
And unsupported leave this Royal Pile,
To sink Oppress'd beneath its weight of Woe. ———

Acem. Look up, my Lord, the Empire of the Globe,
Your shouting Legions and the Battle call
To gain Immortal Honours in the Field.

Emp. What says my Soldier? ——— I have lost that Name;
And tarnish'd all the Glories of my Sword.

I.

Oh

Oh *Mahomet* ! Thy fully'd Honour's gone ;
 Thy Laurels wither'd, blasted is thy Fame ;
 Thy hands have slain a kind defenceless Fair,
 Joy of thy Eyes, and Darling of thy Soul.

Bal. Yet, *Sultan*, hear your bleeding Countries Cries,
 Vanquish'd *Cassanes* now insults in Arms ;
 And *Scanderbeg*, the Fam'd *Epirot* Chief,
 With Fire and Sword lays your wide Empire wast.

Must. Each poor Provincial Lord forgets his Fears,
 That trembled at the Terrors of your Name.

Emp. Enough, my People : I have heard your Griefs,
 And like a Monarch will Redress your Wrongs. ———
 Take, my *Irene*, but this parting Sigh,
 And *Mahomet* begins his Glorious Reign.

Must. Eternal Triumphs wait upon your Sword.

Emp. I've wrong'd thee, *Aga* ; take thy fair Amends ;
 Take my *Zaphira*, Darling of my Soul,
 With half my Treasures for her ample Dower,
 And use her as her Virtues well deserve.

Must. Thus prostrate at your Feet, your Slave receives
 His *Sultan's* Grace, and Bounty of the Gods.

Emp. Vizier, the Seals. ———

Acmet, this Present's but your Virtues due,
 And with a Pow'r unbounded as our own
 Be your Command. These but the Pledge
 And Earnest of our Love. ———

And tho' your Crimes demand your forfeit Life. [*To the Vizier.*
 Enough of Blood's this day already spilt ;
 Retire, and by Repentance merit Grace. ———
 Madam, with Pow'r y've been engag'd too long, { *To the*
 Too conversant with deep Intrigues of State, { *Sultana.*
 Unless my Honour you'd consulted more.

In

The Fair Greek.

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In your Apartments live a strict Recluse,
And be confin'd for Life.

Sult. No, *Sultan*, no ; your empty Threats are vain,
Despina's Soul was only form'd to Reign ;
Robb'd of my Pow'r, and stript of Regal State,
I'm still the Sovereign Mistress of my Fate.
Immure your Green-sick Girls, and wanton Boys,
That never knew Ambitions Nobler Joys.
In Death alone, I'll my Confinement have,
And trust no other Prison but the Grave. [*Exit.*

Emp. There thy Ambitious Soul can only rest,
And haughty Spirit be at Peace,
As from a Lethargy of deadly Sleep,
My Soul awakes, looking with Horror round
On the past Scenes of my Licentious Life,
My Honour's Bane, and Scandal of my Throne.

Bal. This Action, *Sultan*, vindicates your Fame,
And sets your Honour free.

Emp. Balbanus, General of the *Ott'man* Arms,
Go raise the Soldiers drooping Spirits up ;
The *Vizier's* forfeit Treasures let them share,
And the rich Plunder of his hoarded Wealth,
Then Sound to Arms, and lead them to the Field.

Must. In that Command the *Persian* Empire fell,
The *Tartar's* Glory, and *Epirus* State.

Emp. My eager Soul impatient, bounds to Arms.
Come on, my Soldiers, lead your *Sultan* forth,
Where Honour and his bleeding Country calls,
To take this Blot from his Immortal Fame.
By Love betray'd, and vanquish'd by a Face,
I lay transported in her soft Embrace,
Till you, my Chiefs, with pious Friendship strove,
To free your Prince from Her Tyrannick Love :

Yet

Yet against Beauty all your Arts were vain;
 For Glory's void of Charms where Pleasures reign.
 Jealous of Empire, and my lost Renown,
 I stabb'd a Mistress to preserve my Crown:
 But had the Fair return'd my generous Flame,
 I'd slighted Empire, and embrac'd the DAME.

F I N I S.